Cambria Freeman.

E. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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SPLENDID

1872. Inducements! 1872.

THE WEEKLY PATRIOT,

GREATLY

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

The old favorite Democratic Weekly, THE PATRIOT, will appear on the

FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1872,

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The great impending struggle for the Presidency will soon commence. Within one year from this time the American people will have determined whether or not the centralization of the powers of the government in the hands of a corrupt oligarchy, the plundering of the tax-payer by thieving officials, the denial of equal political rights to the proscribed citizens of the Southern States and the substitution of the will of a party for the fundamental law of the land, will cease or continue. It shall be the earnest endeavor of the PATRIOT to impress its readers in the belief that the time has come when an earnest and determined effort must be made to arrest political power in the hands of our present rulers. It should, therefore, be read by every one who can be induced to assist an honest, intelligent and patriotic opposition. To this end it has been determined to offer the following exceedingly low rates for

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The beginning of the New Year is a good time to subscribe for a newspaper, and to subscribe for THE AGE is a good beginning of the New Year. Our terms to clubs and clubs are furnished below. We ask our friends, and we address every reader as one of them, to assist us in our constant efforts to increase our usefulness, enlarge our circulation, and maintain the never-ending struggle for the rights of the people against the encroachments of power, "which is always stealing from the many to the few."

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NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—4TH DECEMBER, 1871.—*Highland Agricultural Society of Cambria County.*—Petition for Charter of Incorporation.

And now, to wit: Dec. 4, 1871, read, and the Court having perused and examined the within, and finding its objects, articles and conditions to be lawful and not injurious to the community, it is directed that they be filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court, and that notice be inserted in one newspaper of the county for three weeks, setting forth the within application for Charter, and, if no sufficient reason be shown to the contrary on or before the first day of next term, the same shall be granted. *By the Court.*

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothy's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 23, 1871.-3t.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—4TH DECEMBER, 1871.—*Petition for Incorporation of the Ebensburg Hall Association.*

And now, Monday, Dec. 4, 1871, read, and it appearing upon perusal and examination that the objects and conditions within set forth and contained are lawful and not injurious to the community, it is directed that the writing be filed in the office of the Prothonotary, and that notice be inserted in one newspaper in the county for three weeks, setting forth that if no sufficient reason be shown to the contrary on or before the first day of next term, the same shall be granted. *By the Court.*

J. K. HITE, Proth'y.
Prothy's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 23, 1871.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the defendant's real estate, in the case of MARTIN YAHNER *vs.* A. HUMPHREYS, No. 76, September Term, 1871, *Venditioni Exponas*, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Monday, the 22d day of January*, 1872, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 23, 1871.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the real estate of the defendants, in the case of SPRINGER, HARBAUGH & CO. *vs.* RICHARD JONES, jr., *et. al.*, No. 75, September Term, 1871, *Ex. Doc.*, I hereby notify all persons that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, January 23d*, 1871, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims or be debarred from coming in on said fund. GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 23, 1871.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of BRIDGET FARRELL, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of P. BRIDGET FARRELL, late of Carroll township, J. Ibberson, of the State of Iowa, having been issued to the undersigned, all parties in any way indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

H. C. KIRKPATRICK, Adm'r.
Carroll Twp., Dec. 9, 1871.-6t.

STRAY STEER.—Came to the premises of the subscriber in Chest township, about the middle of October last, a white and red spotted STEER, supposed to be a year and a half old or thereabouts. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

FRANCIS DRESS.
Chest Twp., Dec. 23, 1871.-3t.*

$20 A DAY AND EXPENSES. Send stamp to *Novelty Manufacturing Co., Alfred, Me.*

The Poet's Department.

[From the Southern Magazine.]

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Calm, self-possessed, she moves through ward and hall;
From morn to eve her duties never cease;
All feel her cheering presence, and to all
She brings the balm of peace.

You scarcely hear the patter of her feet,
She is so gentle, self-restrained, and mild;
And holy acts and thoughts have made her sweet
And pure as any child.

The sick man hungers for her kindly smile,
And watches her with eager, bated breath;
Her soothing touch has power to beguile
The very pang of death.

Thus glides her life, and every passing day
To lighten pain her loving care is given;
She finds content and comfort on her way;
Her hopes are all in heaven.

Her features are so calm, resigned and still,
You can scarce tell if she be young or old;
"Surely," you think, "*she* never felt love's thrill
She seems too staid and cold."

And yet a woman's heart beats in her breast,
With all its power and all its need of love;
Earth broke it, but our Lord has given it rest,
And taken it above.

She thought herself beloved, and all the earth
Seemed happy, decked in nature's bright array.
Sad, fond mistake! Her heart, with all its worth
And wealth of love, gave way—

Broke, that a noble purpose there might reign,
To suffering men another friend be given,
That sin-worn hearts might be relieved of pain,
And shown the way to heaven.

Taught by self-sacrifice and love of truth,
Before God's will with humble trust to bow,
To Him she gave her health and strength and youth,
And she is happy now.

"Sister, to all who need thy care and love;
Sister, to all with grief or pain oppressed,
Come unto Me," there cried a Voice above,
"And I will give you rest."

O, woman! strong in faith, and hope, and will;
O, woman! strong in love of all things good:
Surely, it is thy fate to shame men still,
And teach them fortitude.

ALFRED SPENCER.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

WASTED PRESENTIMENTS.

Everybody likes a good ghost story; and still more popular, perhaps, are those quasi-supernatural histories which treat of presentiments realized, of dreams fulfilled, of words lightly spoken, but carried out in a manner that the speaker little expected. A list of such stories is at everybody's fingers' ends; but it has been my lot to meet with several instances of another class of stories; much less frequently commented on, but to my mind even more curious; cases, I mean, in which a peculiar warning has been—all but, and yet not quite—borne out by subsequent events; so that the intimation could not be passed over as altogether trivial, and yet missed its mark. Several such occurrences have been related to me by witnesses in whose testimony I have full confidence, and I will proceed to give them without further preface.

Doctor J., a retired physician in delicate health, resided, some years ago, in one of the principal towns in the west of England. He was one night seized suddenly with a violent illness, and within an hour or two was pronounced to be in a hopeless state. Dr. J. being a Roman Catholic, the Reverend Dr. V., a priest of that communion, was sent for to administer the last rites of religion; and, soon finding that his presence could be of no further use to the unconscious sufferer, he bethought himself how he could best procure female companionship for the poor wife, who was quite stunned by the sudden blow. With this intention, he hastened, in the early morning, to the house of an elderly female, a pious member of his congregation, and a friend of Mrs. J. The lady had not yet left her room, and he simply sent word up that he wished to speak to her. In a few moments she came hurrying into the room, with every appearance of agitation, and, before he could explain his sad errand, she seized his hand breathlessly, exclaiming: "O, Dr. V., how thankful I am too see you! I have had a most frightful, vivid dream about Doctor and Mrs. J!" Doctor V. might well start, but she hurried on. "I dreamed that I went to call at their house, and that Mrs. J. came down to meet me in a widow's cap, with her face all swollen with tears and said to me: 'O Mrs. M! my dear husband is just dead: and he desired me to say that you will be the next.' "And what did you tell her?" Doctor V.'s auditors were wont to ask at this part of the narration; to which the reverand gentleman invariably answered, "I dare say it was very cowardly, and I dare say it was very foolish; but I did not tell her at all; I bolted!"

So far the story is like many another tale of the marvellous, but the usual sequel is wanting; for though Dr. J. died, Mrs. —— lived on for many years; and certainly was not 'the next,' unless in some mysterious sense confined to the world of spirits.

In the earlier days of our New Zealand colony, Mr. P., a younger son of an English peer, settled there with his family. Having hurt his arm, he was advised to try rest and change of air, and accordingly he set out for a trip to the other island, leaving his young wife, whose numerous and constantly increasing nursery duties kept her at home. The time fixed for his return was drawing near, when Mrs. P., was one night awakened by a scream from her eldest child, a little girl four or five years old, who was sleeping in the same bed with her mother. The child had awakened suddenly in a paroxysm of terror, and for some time no soothings were of any avail: all she would do was to point persistently to one corner of the room, while she sobbed out, "Oh! poor papa! poor papa! all dripping with water! all dripping with water!"

Of course, she was first petted and then laughed at, scolded for a silly little girl, and assured that papa could not possibly have been there; but when Mrs. P. reflected that her husband was probably at that moment on the sea, it is not to be wondered at that she felt her heart grow sick with anxiety. A few days later, as she and her children were sitting down to breakfast, she saw one of their few neighbors riding up to the door. That he could have come away from his home in the busy morning hours betokened something unusual, and no sooner had she looked in his face than she exclaimed: "Tell me at once, my husband is drowned!" "How do you know?" he responded, thus confirming her fears; and he handed her a copy of a local newspaper, in which she read that the steamer by which her husband has intended to return, had foundered at sea. The date tallied with her child's dream, and that circumstance seemed to her conclusive; so that when her friends tried to point out to her that there was no proof of her husband's death, she only answered that she had received a fearful warning, and gave herself up to her sorrow. At the end of a few days, Mr. P. quietly walked in, and was a good deal astonished at the agony of almost terrified joy with which his arrival was greeted. It was by the merest chance that he was not in the lost vessel; he had taken his passage, and had actually gone on board, when he was struck with the extreme lowness of the bulwarks, and thought that, should there be bad weather, he, with his still helpless arm, might be in some danger of being washed overboard. He therefore returned to the shore, and arranged to come by the next ship instead. So there the story ends, except that we will hope that no time was lost in administering a dose of physic to the troublesome little dreamer.

The next story, perhaps, out hardly to be placed in the same category with the others, since it is possible that the warning may have prevented its own fulfillment.

My great-grandmother was an active Lady Bountiful to a very rustic country population, over whose affairs, temporal and spiritual, she exercised a benevolent, if slightly tyrannical, sway. Among her most frequent pensioners was Soft Billy, as he was called: a poor, half-witted lad, generally quite harmless, but subject to occasional fits of temper, in which he was hard to deal with. One night she dreamed that she was walking along a lane in the neighborhood, when, from a gap in the hedge, Soft Billy suddenly jumped down into the path before her, brandishing a reaping-hook. His flaming eyes and distorted face showed that his "dark hour" was upon him, and in another second he had flown at her, his fingers were griping her throat with deadly strength, the steel flashed before her eyes, the very bitterness of death itself was rushing over her, and she awoke; awoke quivering all over, the cold perspiration standing on her forehead, and her heart beating to suffocation. It was long before she could force herself to meet Soft Billy, even in the presence of others, and for months she avoided the lane which she had traversed in her dream. At last, some sudden case of distress in the village which called for her presence, some sick child was to be physicked, or some wife-beating husband was to be brought to book, and my great-grandmother set forth, never recollecting, till she had gone some distance, that she must inevitably pass through the dreadful lane. On she went, laughing at her own fears, till suddenly she saw before her the dreaded gap which had appeared in her dream, and which she had never noticed before, and at that moment, from the very gap, down jumped Soft Billy, and in his hand he brandished a reaping-hook. The dream, in all its horrors, seemed on the verge of fulfilment; but my great-grandmother was a strong-minded woman, and, though her heart was throbbing with terror, she neither fainted nor screamed; she walked straight up to the idiot, and gave him a kindly greeting. "I am glad to see you, Billy; I am walking to the end of the lane, and now you shall take care of me." The lad, highly flattered, was meek and amiable in a moment, and they walked the rest of the way together, she keeping up an incessant chatter in her most cheery tones, though her heart was doubtless beating at every swing of the ungainly figure, and every flourish of the deadly weapon in the poor, purposeless fingers. At the cottage door she thanked him, and wished him good-bye; and it will readily be believed that she procured another escort for her walk home.

Now for my last story, which I had from the lips of a venerable old Presbyterian minister, the last man to indulge his imagination.

He was in the habit of going every Sunday afternoon to conduct the worship at a little village on the coast of Scotland. One Saturday night he dreamed a vivid dream. He saw the village and the bay, the waves tossing and beating in a storm, and he saw a pleasure boat upset, and dashed to pieces against the rocks. Two men were buffeting with the water, fighting for their lives; one a fair slight youth, the other a middle-aged sailor. As the dreamer looked, he saw them both clutch at and cling to a floating spar; it swayed and sunk under the double weght, and, while the thought passed through his mind, "It can never support them both," he saw the sailor deliberately raise his fist, and strike his companion a blow which stunned him. The young man loosed his hold, and, as he sunk into the sea, the sleeper awoke. A few Sundays afterwards he was greeted with the news that a pleasure-boat had been upset, that the body of a young English traveler had been washed on shore, and that an elderly seaman was the only survivor. The man was a good deal injured, and was in bed at a public-house, to which the corpse of the poor young traveler had been conveyed. The minister at once begged to be taken thither, and so strongly was he impressed with the conviction that his dream had had a literal fulfilment, that he entered the room of the sick man with the fullest intention of taxing him with murder. But when he approached the bed he saw a face totally unlike the one which had haunted his sleep, and every feature of which was vividly impressed on his memory. His visit to the poor dead youth had a like result.

These stories are actual facts, for the truth of which I can vouch. I will leave all specalations on the subject to those who read them.

A NOBLE FISHER BOY.

The 9th of October, 1857, will long be remembered among the Labrador fishermen. On that day an awful hurricane raged along the coast.

One of the fishing vessels, with a large number of men, women and children on board, was caught in the storm, and tried hard to ride out the hurricane. After a few hours of fearful suspense, she dragged her anchors and was driven on shore.

With great difficulty all on board were safely landed. Drenched with rain, blinded by the snow-drifts, shivering in the cutting blasts, they found themselves on an uninhabited part of the coast, the nearest huts being five miles distant.

The gloomy night closed in as the last of them was dragged ashore from the wreck. Their only hope lay in endeavoring to reach the distant huts, and in the darkness and storm they staggered on through the trackless wilderness. Who can picture the horrors of that night of suffering to this forlorn band?

When the morning sun shone out, nineteen of them lay dead along the shore. A group of three women and two children, clasped in one another's arms, and half buried in the mud, was found all stiff and stark in the icy embrace of death.

During the darkness and confusion of landing, a family of four young children were separated from their parents, who sought for them in vain, and at length gave them up for lost.

A boy of fourteen, hearing the cries of these poor little ones, and finding they had no guide or protector, resolved to do what he could to save their lives. To reach the huts with them being impossible, he made the shivering children lie down, locked in each other's arms; then he set to work resolutely collecting moss, of which, fortunately, there was a large quantity about, and piling this around them, layer upon layer, he at length succeeded in excluding partially the piercing cold.

Fortunately, too, he found on the beach the fragment of an old sail, which he spread over all, and collecting more moss, he increased the rude covering until the poor little sufferers ceased to cry with the bitter cold, and declared themselves more comfortable.

Through all the weary hours of that awful night, that heroic boy stood alone by these children, replacing their covering when the wind scattered it, and cheering them with words of hope. He might have tried to escape with the others, but he would not leave his helpless charge.

At length the day dawned, and then he turned his tottering steps toward the settlement to seek for aid. When about half way, he met the parents of the lost children wild with grief, coming to search for their dead bodies, as they had no expectation of finding them alive.

The young hero quietly told them what he had done to save them, and by his directions they soon found the spot where they lay. On removing the covering of moss they found the little creatures snug and warm, and in a refreshing sleep.

What words could picture the wild joy of father and mother at that sight? But, alas! on their way back, near the spot where they had parted with him, they found the noble boy who had saved their children's lives at the expense of his own, lying dead. Nature was exhausted after the fatigue and exposure of the night, and, unable to reach the friendly shelter, he sank down and expired.

NOVEL CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—The Indianapolis Journal is responsible for the following: A young lady of this city, sick with disease of the lungs, was told that if she would get a young puppy and raise it the dog would take the consumption off her hands, and she would get well. She did so, and, as the dog grew, it was noticed that the animal acquired a hacking caugh, while the young lady grew rapidly better. In the meantime, however, she had become very much attached to her canine benefactor, and did everything that could be done for him. It was no use, however; consumption, the fell destroyer, had fastened upon poor Jack's vitals, and a few days since he passed in his checks. The young lady is in robust health, and firmly believes that the dog saved her life.

[From Ballou's Monthly Magazine.]

SCENES IN WALES.

It would be difficult for the traveller and pleasure-seeker to visit a more interesting country than the ancient kingdom of Wales. There may not only be found scenery unsurpassed by any in the world, but also a people who have, more than any other subjects of British rule, preserved their ancient peculiarities, and a history replete with interest, curious old legends and traditions blending not unpleasantly with modern customs and improvements.

The division most free from the influence of the Saxon is that of North Wales; and to the tourist who approaches from England or Scotland, the towns of Shrewsbury and Chester afford good starting-places. The access to the counties of Flint, Denbigh, Carnavonshire and Anglesey from the ancient Chester—a city founded by the Romans, and which was their *Castrum Legionis*—is very easy. Rhuddlin Castle (of which a fine view is given in the magazine from which we copy—ED. FREEMAN) is situated in the county of Flint, which, though the smallest county in Wales, is of much importance on account of its historic relations, its antiquities and great mineral wealth. The people are many of them English or of English descent, having much intercourse with Cheshire and Lancashire, and have never adopted the Welsh language and manners to perfection.

Some of the most thrilling events of Welsh history have been enacted in Flintshire The native British Christians near Mold gained a remarkable victory over the pagan Picts and Scots in the year 448. The latter were bitter enemies to the new belief, which, early finding a home in southern and western Britain, at length, when England was invaded by the equally pagan Saxons, found a permanent home among the mountains of Wales.

This victory over the wild northerners is mentioned in history as the "Hallelujah Victory," from the fact that the conquerors sang that song of rejoicing after the battle. In the seventh century the massacre of twelve hundred Christian monks, belonging to the monastery of Bangor Iscoed, took place at Flint, and also the subsequent retributive slaughter of the perpetrators of the cruelty, by the excited and indignant Welsh princes. It was, in after times, the scene of the frequently recurring inroads of the Saxons, more particularly during the rule of Offa, King of Mercia, who built the rampart or dyke that bears his name; and here was fought the terrible battle on Rhuddlan Marsh in 795, when the brave Caradoc fell, sacrificing his life to the defence of his country, and from which arose the popular and plaintive air, "Morfa Rhuddlan." Afterwards, the bold deeds of Owen Gwynedd, during the reign of Henry II. of England, and the chivalric exploits of Prince Llewellyn, in the days of Edward I., gave a historic lustre to the border county between the Saxon and the Cymri. The subjugation of Wales by Henry VIII., who forced it to accept the laws of England, ended the war of races, and from that time Flintshire enjoyed equal advantages with the rest of Wales, and with England, in the opportunities for material and political progress. Much might be said of the various places of antiquity in this section, but we will pass on to the subject of our engraving—Rhuddlan Castle.

The town of Rhuddlan was anciently a place of some importance, but it is now chiefly distinguished for its castle and some other remains of antiquity. It is situated in a low flat district, near to the confluence of the rivers Clwyd and Elway, and about three miles from their outlet in the Irish Channel. Edward I. gave Rhuddlan the privileges of a free borough, with various immunities, designing thereby to reconcile the Welsh to his sway. It was here that he succeeded in the politic stratagem of inducing the Welsh to acknowledge his infant son, born at Carnarvon, as Prince of Wales. Here also was passed the celebrated law, called the Statute of Rhuddlan, which, after reciting many curious particulars respecting Welsh customs previous to Edward's conquest, enacted new regulations for the government of Wales.—There is still standing a part of the wall of the building in which Edward held his council or parliament.

The castle is a quadrangular structure of red stone, with six massive towers flanking lofty curtain walls. It has evidently been a fortress of great strength, with little of architectural beauty or grandeur. The fosse, easily traced, inclosed a large area, and within this was a Priory of Dominicans. Archæologists are not agreed as to the period at which this castle was erected. Two authorities—Powell and Camden—ascribe it to Llewellyn ap Sitsyilt, who reigned in Wales at the commencement of the eleventh century, and made this the place of his residence. In 1063, three years prior to the Norman conquest, when in the possession of Griffydd ap Llewellyn, Prince of North Wales, it was attacked and burned by Harold of England. Subsequently, being restored, it became the scene of many historical events, proving that by both Normans and Britons the possession of the fortress was deemed of great importance. In 1399 it was seized by the Earl of Northumberland, previous to the deposition of Richard II., who was brought hither on his way to Flint, when he was delivered, as we have already mentioned, into the power of his dethroner and successor. In the civil wars, Rhuddlan was garrisoned for the king, but was surrendered to General Mytton in 1649, and soon after, by order of Parliament, it was dismantled. Since then it has gradually fallen into decay, and is now a hoary ivy-clad ruin—one of those monumental remains of a period when *might* was *right*, and those higher interests born of advanced stages of society were in blank oblivion. Its aspect is rugged; but that ruggedness, with its sombre isolation from the modern world, teaches us no idle lesson of the past.

Our second illustration is a scene in the interesting county of Denbigh. Chirk Castle is situated on the river Dee, at the place where that stream forms the boundary between Denbigh and Shropshire. The castle is, in fact, a kind of ancient sentinel, and keeps close watch over the adjoining territory. It is supposed to have been founded in 1013, and was an extremely strong fortification, being erected on the border-land of the Saxons, Anglo-Normans and Cymri. In the great civil war, in the time of Charles I., it was besieged by the parliamentary forces, and so much battered by the artillery of Cromwell that the repairs occasioned an expense of £60,000. In 1595 it became the property of Sir Thomas Myddleton, afterwards Lord Mayor of London. There were successively four of this name—the former knights, and the two latter baronets. The celebrated Hugh Myddleton, also knighted, projector of the New River from Herfordshire to London, was a brother of the first Sir Thomas. From his day, this fine estate has continued in the possession of the same family. The ancient castle stands on the brow of a hill near to the village of Chirk, sheltered by the Berwyn mountains. It is a quadrangular, embattled structure, defended by four low massive towers at the angles, and a gateway tower in the centre of the north front, through which is the principal entrance into a square area of considerable extent. On the east side of this area is a low embattled corridor, leading into the principal rooms, which have been greatly altered and appropriately embellished. The picture gallery, at the south end of which is the chapel, is 100 feet in length and 22 feet in width, and contains some good portraits and other paintings. One of the apartments contain the state bed in which Charles I. slept, and a beautiful cabinet which he presented to his family.

The summit of this venerable pile commands a view of surpassing beauty, extending, it is said, into seventeen counties. In the park, the walks and drives are diversified. The view from the terrace on a fine day may be well deemed to repay a long journey.

The river Ceiriog runs on the west side of the castle, through a deep valley, remarkable as a scene of conflict, in 1186, between the forces under Henry II. and those of the Welsh, under their brave prince, Owen Gwynedd, when the latter obtained a victory, and soon afterwards compelled the Saxon monarch to seek safety by retiring to his own territories.

If the traveller in Wales, especially the northern portion, expects to find the Welshman of an innocent and unsophisticated stamp, he will be doomed to disappointment. The old simplicity has departed forever, and the onward march of civilization has brought with it the now universal characteristic of shrewdness and the determination, as we have it in common parlance, to "look out for number one."

PRUSSIAN STYLE OF COURTSHIP.—It is well known that marriage in Prussia has come to be looked upon as a luxury to be indulged in only by the better circumstanced. The large number of servants, waiters, day-laborers, and others, without any regular trade, rarely marry at all. They find it enough to earn a decent living for themselves. Those who do marry wait until about the 27th year. If he is a merchant he must wait until his business is established; if a professional man, until he has a good practice or position. Every class, as a rule, marries late; for that which is necessary with the poor has, from its generality, come to be regarded as a custom for all.

It is not customary, as in America, for young gentlemen and ladies to associate much together, since the expenses of gallantry are thought beyond their means. Young men go with young men, and live in clubs or bachelor bands, where each one pays his own expenses, and lives as economically as he can. When they seek female company, which is only now and then, it is at the public balls, or in worse connections. This custom has become so established that it works the other way, and no young lady who values her reputation will allow herself to be seen alone in company with a gentleman before she is engaged to him, and before the engagement is duly published in the press. The formalities of betrothal are celebrated in the presence of her friends. They much wonder at the liberty of American young women in Germany, who allow themselves to go with any young gentleman acquaintance whatever, being one evening with one, and the next evening with another.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES.—The subject of sympathies and antipathies is extremely curious. Boyle fainted when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of watercresses; Erasmus became feverish when he saw a fish. A curious story is told of a clergyman, that he always fainted when he heard a certain verse in Jeremiah read. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk or satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach. Mr. Julian Young tells the story of an officer who could not endure the sound of a drum, and ultimately fell dead when compelled to hear it. There are whole families who entertain a horror of cheese; on the other hand there was a physician, Dr. Starke of Edinburgh, who lost his life by subsisting almost entirely upon it. Some people have been unable to take mutton, even when administered in the microscope form of pills. There is the case of a man falling down at the smell of mutton, as if bereaved of life, and in strong convulsions. Sir James Eyre, in his well known little book, mentions three curious instances of idosyncracy: the case of a gentleman who could not eat a single strawberry with impunity; the case of another whose head would become frightfully swollen if he touched the smallest particle of hare; the case of a third, who would inevitably have an attack of gout a few hours after eating fish.

ANOTHER CURE FOR A FELON.—The Freeport *Journal* furnishes the following cure for a felon, which is easily tried by the afflicted, and if all right, can't have too wide a publicity: "A friend tells us of a sure cure for felon, which is also very simple and can be prepared by any one. Take an earthen crock, put in a quantity of live coals, throw on a handful each of hops, rye flour and brown sugar; then steam the affected parts for about fifteen minutes, repeating two or three times by holding it over the vessel. The better way is to bore a hole through a board, thus having the affected part only coming in contact with the steam." He guarantees a certain cure.

A LITTLE THING in a Sabbath school was asked by her teacher if she always said her prayers night and morning "No, miss," I don't." Why, Mary! are you not afraid to go to sleep in the dark without asking God to take care of you, and watch over you till morning?" "No, miss, I ain't—cause I sleep in the middle."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Saturday Morning, : : Jan. 13, 1872.

The Happy Family.

The Radicals of Cambria county are, at the time of the present writing, certainly a "Happy Family." We mean no ironical use of the term. Compared with the past, their situation is one in which they may well indulge their complacency; and we must not grudge it to them.

In 1854, when Know-Nothingism carried the day, they elected the member of the Legislature. In 1860, when the Democrats undertook to elect *three* members, they were all defeated and a Radical returned. But, with these two exceptions, our Radical friends have had a long dry spell of it, so far as the representation of Cambria county is concerned. *Now*, thanks to Democrats who took another "New Departure," and to the money influence, they have them *ember* from Cambria county. Mr. Henry, too, is one whom they need not fear, for, though he represents a constituency of more than seven hundred Democratic votes, he will never cast a ballot for his constituents of that political stripe. We admire him for it. He sticks to the principles (or the want of principles) of his party, and he is *Radically* right in doing so. Our only pity is for those Democrats who allowed themselves to be sold or bought in voting for him.

The Radical family is happy in this; but this is not all. Their mighty leaders in this county have formed a league, offensive and defensive, and are now a unit. The Lion of Bessemer Steel and the Lamb of Shook have lain down together, and the child of Lloyd & Co. can lead them by a hair. Though both are *Maine*-iacs, there is method in their madness. In other words, both being Immigrants from Maine, they both look out for the *main* chance! Morrell, his declination to the contrary notwithstanding, is Gubernatorial, while Barker is in diligent search of that second Congressional term of his; and while the former holds the southern metropolis in the hollow of his powerful hand, the latter has the ancient village and the northern territory under the sole of his ponderous foot.

The happy union of these two colossal intellects has diffused a feeling of intense joy all over the Radical Israel, and all the hewers of wood and drawers of iron say Amen!

A family thus successful—thus united—thus powerful—should be happy. And it is happy!

To enhance this happiness, Mackey will be re-elected State Treasurer—and Samuel Henry's vote will help to do it. The $2,000,000 of the people's money will again be divided among the Banks. Lloyd & Co. will again get their $60,000, to be again used, as far as necessary, to "bring out the vote"—or, as was done last fall, to reward those Democrats who were too *honest* to vote for Mr. Rose. This fund will keep the Radicals of Cambria county in a state of the most blissful happiness. Then—Samuel Henry will be re-nominated for the Legislature, A. A. Barker for Congress, and Daniel J. Morrell for Governor!

Grand Tableau! Let us contemplate the picture, and then not complain of Radical happiness!

The candidate for Congress is represented by a massive pillar upon an enormous pedestal—at its foot a pail of cold water, with something like ginger mixed with it. His left hand rests on a "shook," and a scroll in his right hand bears "Total Abstinence" emblazoned upon it.

The Governor is represented by a pillar like unto the former—at its base a square willow basket labelled "Green Seal Champaign;" his right hand grasps a bar of Bessemer steel, while in his left he holds a "Pass Book."

The Assemblyman is a cupid resting upon and holding these columns together—which, by the way, seems a difficult task. On the right wing of the cupid is a safe; on its left a demijohn. In the right hand is a card, "Mackey, Treasurer;" in the left a large roll of greenbacks.

Now, it is true that Democrats are disposed to smash graven images, not being addicted to man-worship. Indeed, if they have a fault, it is an over amount of jealousy towards each other. Hence, to *them* a structure like the foregoing might not be very attractive.

But not so our Radical brethren. They hang around greatness, *when it is of the right kind!* They cling to their idols with more than Eastern devotion. Hence they will cling to these mighty pillars of their political fabric. They will grow up and entwine themselves around this pair of Yankee columns until they reach the Pennsylvania greenbacks and whisky by which they are surmounted. The very idea of a cupid at the apex of the columns suggests cupidity.

And then all can be accommodated on a question about which Radicals *do* differ somewhat. On the one hand, (or, rather on the one foot,) is the total abstinence principle; on the other the exhilerating nectar of high-toned gentlemen—sparkling wine; while, if they wish to get "high," the whisky tops the columns. So every Radical worshipper can exercise his own "local option."

"These be thy Gods, oh Radicals!"

THE Huntingdon *Monitor* says: The Hollidaysburg *Register* admits, in its last issue, that "Hon. R. M. Speer, the member from this district, has, thus far, made a faithful member, careful of the interests of his constituents." We cannot but admire Bro. Over's truthfulness and thank him for the candid confession. Our word for it, Mr. Speer will ever prove faithful and "careful of the interests of his constituents."

For a brief but comprehensive synopsis of the Governor's Message, see fourth page.

A Radical Outrage.

At the last October election, the candidates for assembly in Warren county were Luther Green, Democrat, and William H. Short, Radical. When the Return Judges met at the time and place designated by law, and the vote of the different election districts was counted up, it appeared that Green had received 1,893 votes, and Short 1,878, making Green's majority 15. A certificate of election was accordingly made out, signed by the Return Judges and delivered to Luther Green. Some time afterwards, we do not know how long, upon an allegation that a mistake had been made in the actual vote received by Short, the Judges, or at least the greater number of them, met a *second* time and in some way ascertained that Short had received 1,903 votes, being *ten* votes more than were polled for Green. They then made out *another* certificate in which they declared that William H. Short had been elected. Upon this brief statement of the facts in the case, the question arises, who was entitled *prima facie* to be sworn in as the member from Warren county? Most unquestionably Luther Green, for the plain and obvious reason that the certificate of election held by him was made out and signed *on the day specified in the Act of Assembly for that duty to be performed.* Any other certificate *subsequently* manufactured, although it may have been signed by the very same men who attached their signatures to the first one, was in clear violaton of the Act of Assembly—without a shadow of validity and absolutely void. If an error had been committed in any of the election returns to the prejudice of Short, the law afforded him an ample and complete remedy by contesting Green's right to his seat after he had been admitted.

When the Return Judges of a county have met, performed their duties and adjourned, their official existence terminates, and their re-assembling for any conceivable purpose whatever is a mere farce. But such was not the opinion of the radical majority of the House of Representatives at Harrisburg.—They refused to permit Mr. Green to be sworn in as a member, and referred the case to a packed committee of five, who of course promptly reported in favor of Short. The report was adopted by a solid radical vote and Wm. H. Short took his seat. No more flagrant outrage has been perpetrated since the days when Democrats were unceremoniously kicked out of Congress without a why or a wherefore, by an insolent Radical majority submissive to the vigorous and unsparing lash of Thaddeus Stevens. No excuse has been or can be offered for it. It is against all precedent and in shameless violation of all law. An arrogant majority tramples upon the plain requirements of the law and invests a man with the powers of a legislator on a *bogus* certificate possessing no more legal force than an Internal revenue lager beer stamp. If any one is anxious to know how Samuel Henry, the member from Cambria, voted on this question, we answer that he was true to his party and stood manfully up to the work of excluding Luther Green from his seat, notwithstanding the fact that the certificate which *he* presented was as valid and legal as that held by any other member of the House. Mr. Henry believes in the doctrine that a Democrat has no rights which a Radical majority is bound to respect.

ON the first day of the present session of the Legislature, that pure and immaculate Democrat, Sam. Josephs, the Cato of the House, offered his usual resolution directing the Clerk to furbish each member with a copy of Purdon's Digest, Beitel's Digest and Zeigler's Manual. The resolution was of course adopted, and will cost the treasury about $1,500. As Josephs has been a member for about ten years, he has a goodly supply of these interesting works, unless he has disposed of them at a discount below the price they cost the State, which he has no doubt done, for it is his peculiar specialty always to be on the make. Why should the State be required to furnish annually one hundred copies of Purdon for the members of the House and permit them to take them home them with at the termination of each session as a part of their legislative plunder? A copy of that book will last for twenty years, and the practice ought to be to require each member to return his copy at the end of the session, or, in default of doing so, to deduct its cost out of his salary. It is by just such extravagance as this in countless different shapes, that the aggregate expenses of the Legislature are swollen to such an enormous amount. Speaking of this *model* legislator, Sam. Josephs, reminds us that as a member of the committee he signed the report by which Green of Warren county was swindled out of his seat—thus adding another to the long list of his (Joseph's) legislative infamies.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.—The tenth volume of this periodical opens with the January number, which is before us. Like its predecessors, it is full of substantial home reading which is admirably adapted "to promote knowledge, virtue and temperance." Its contributors for the month include a story by Virginia F. Townsend; "The Dead Year of Disaster," by Geo. S. Burleigh; "Washington and His Loves," by Rev. J. F Wakeley, D. D; "Newburgh and its Surroundings," by Joel T. Headley; "Going to Housekeeping," by Elsa Mansfield; "Planning a Career," by Horace Greeley; "City versus Country," by Gail Hamilton; a Temprance Story, by Alice E. Williams; "The Wife of Dr. Franklin," by Jas. Parton; "Enough's Enough," by Thomas K. Beecher, etc., etc. The Household fills a blank that has long existed, by supplying, at a low price, a good Magazine which is but one dollar a year. Any person not acquainted, with it, will receive a specimen copy FREE, by addressing S. S. WOOD & CO., Newburgh, N. Y.

HARRISBURG PATRIOT.—In another column will be found the annual prospectus for the coming year of the Harrisburg PATRIOT. The PATRIOT is the central organ of the democracy of the State and is conducted with very decided talent. The approaching session of the Legislature will be a most important one and the questions likely to be the subject of discussion before it will possess more than ordinary interest. To those, therefore, who desire a full and correct report of its proceedings, the DAILY PATRIOT will prove a most welcome visitor.—The WEEKLY PATRIOT will appear in a greatly enlarged and much improved form and will contain a vast amount of reading matter at the low price of $2.00 a year. The democracy of the State should extend to the PATRIOT a full, hearty and generous support.

Letter from Ireland--No. 8.

[Correspondence of Cambria Freeman.]

THURLES, IRELAND, Dec. 23, 1871.

DEAR MAC—My last left my cousin Marion and myself on Derry Castle, admiring the rare scenic tableau spread before us like one of those fairy, fancy-painted landscapes we read of in novels. We descended as well as we could and made for "home," passing on our way the splendid residence of Wm. Spaight, Esq., J. P. I have not seen a grander or more costly private residence since I came to this country. I was told that it cost to build it upwards of forty thousand pounds, or about two hundred thousand dollars. How is that for high? Arriving at Marion's hospitable home, I found a whole bevy of heart-smashing, rosy-cheeked, ruby-lipped, bright-eyed fair ones, accompanied by some respectable-looking gents. After being introduced to all as "My cousin from America," a *recherche* supper was laid before us. Having done full justice to the eatables and drinkables, we were shown into a richly furnished room, where soon after we went through all the manœuvres of the Terpsichorean art. Before we "trip on the light fantastic toe," I will sketch some of the jolly fair ones who were the life of that evening's pleasure. So, Monsieur Mac,

PLACE AUX DAMES.

"Make way for the ladies." At the piano sat the beaming-eyed, swan-necked, talented Georgina, whose fairy-like fingers seemed to impart an additional charm and harmony to the sweet-toned instrument. On my right was the affectionate, gentle, smiling, dimple-cheeked Marion, whose animated conversational powers proved her to be possessed of rare talent. Next her sat pretty little Maud, with rosy cheeks, coal black eyes, and sweet, tempting lips. On my left was the smiling, beguiling, bewitching, merry Madaline, whose large, mischievous, heart-levelling, musical dark-blue eyes were more than sufficient to lay prostrate a whole army in the ranks of Cupid. Next her sat the sprightly, dashing, love-making Bessie Lavinia, with lustrous eyes and pouting lips. My *vis-a-vis* was the good humored Aileen, round whose pretty mouth smiles loved to play, and in whose tall, symmetrical portraiture nature may well lay claim to perfection.—Near her sat the confiding, agreeable, loud-laughing Rosamond, whose merry ringing laugh, like the swelling notes of sweet music, betokened a light, joyous heart. It would be an endless task were I to sketch in detail all the captivating charmers who shed a halo of lustre, beauty and merriment around that festive board. Add to all this a room on whose walls were hung life-like portraits of Ireland's ancient warriors and modern heroes, and then you may have a faint idea of this fair, social gathering of Irish beauty. After the other gents and myself had spun the gay "gals" in the prancing polka, the wild waltz and the gay gallop, we rested a little, during which we had some splendid vocal music. A thrill of delight ran through my very soul when the musical-eyed Madeline warbled forth, in a gushing, soft, rich, mellifluous voice, "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps." If the departed spirits of the noble Emmett and lovely Sarah Curran could but catch the dulcid echo of the soft strains, as they wafted, like silvery music, it would prove that their memory is cherished by Tipperary's fair daughters. Marion, in her own rich, sweet voice, sang,

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, ah! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and her snow white wand."

This exquisite song brought us back to the reign of Boru, when tradition and history tell us that a beautiful lady, with gold *galore*, could travel over Ireland, with no protection but a frail wand, and would not be molested. The lively little Maud, to compliment me, gave us "The Sword of Bunker Hill," and indeed right admirably did she render it. The beautiful Georgina, the gay Rosamond, the rollicking Aileen, and all the other handsome fair ones, vied with each other in Irish minstrelsy. A word now for the gents. One gentleman, a Mr. Flash, who was dressed up in the pink of fashion, treated us to a medley, which he commenced with

"Oh, say would you find this same Blarney?—
There's a castle not far from Killarney;
On the top of the wall—
But take care you don't fall—
There's a stone that contains all this Blarney.
Soft is his colleen's sunny eye;
Her mien is mild, her step is airy;
Her heart is fond, her soul is high;
Oh! she's the Pride of Tiperary."

The next was a bizarre-looking gent who luxuriated in the name of Mortimor Peter Multooney, who made all the apologies possible that he could not sing, but he would try and recite. He stood up, and placing one foot about three yards, more or less, in advance of the other, he declaimed, the "Downfall of Poland." This soul-stirring piece seemed to give him new courage, when he next gave us the "Exile of Erin" in the vernacular. Here is one verse from memory, but I will not vouch for the spelling:

"Do hanig cum na taoide, Dibreach, O! Erinn;
A leathugh, O! un spaer, agus a eadugh, O! un ar;
Bu scusfur——"

But hold, I can't do it, for my pen kicks and splutters. The other gents sang some old Irish melodies and modern American airs. I was completely nonplussed when it came to my turn, as I never learned a whole song in my life, but fortunately I picked up one verse of "Young America to Old Ireland," which I thought would be appropriate on such an occasion. Here it is:

"Should Ireland raise the standard Green;
Resolved to free the land,
She'll find that Young America
Will lend a helping hand.
Aye, men and money we will give
The British to o'erthrow,
For the deeds of Young America
The world does surely know."

This was applauded to the echo, not for the singing, but for the sentiment; so you bet I was glad to get off so easily, and continue my "soft talk" to Maud and Bessie Lavinia. A killingly dressed gent named Mr. Cowand next favored us with the "Maids of Merry Ireland" and the "Lass of Richmond Hill." I made this gent a little nervous by engaging too much the attention of his Bessie Lavinia, about whom he was awfully spooney. I could see him casting some fierce looks at me, and heard him mutter, *sotto voce*, "Yankee impudence," etc. The singing over, Georgina and Marion delighted us with some fine old martial tunes on the piano, but the one that pleased me most was the soul-thrilling "Brian Boru's March." This soul-enchanting piece of Irish music, as it vibrated, like syren music, on the stilly air, was sufficient to call forth the spirits of Boru and his dauntless Dalcassians and make them exterminate now, not the Danes, but the cruelly-oppressive Anglo-Saxons. So lively, bold and stirring is the grand old "March," that it would almost make a *one-legged* gossoon dance with delight. Strange that I never heard this played in America. I will try and get the music of it before I return. It was long past the "wee sma' hour anent the twa'" when our social gathering dispersed. I did the gallant to two of the prettiest by seeing them home, but, *ma foi*, it was near giving me a sore head, as Mr. Cowand thought I had too much impudence for a stranger. After quoting some heart-appealing, brain-softening lines, I parted with B. and G. and returned to Marion's, where I soon retired to rest, only to dream of sparkling eyes, "auburn tresses uncontrolled," a scowling rival, and a full-rigged ship bearing myself and B. L. over the foaming Atlantic; but the morning knocked sky-high my Morpheus-spun fancy.

The next day, Marion, Maud, Georgina and myself set out for a drive along the side of Lochtea hill. I took hold of the ribbons and drove along rather slowly. I saw approach us a clergyman driving along at fair speed. I drove according to the American custom by pulling to the right, when, according to this country style, I should have pulled to the left. The priest raised his hand, which, I understood afterwards, meant that he wanted me to keep the proper side. Marion says to me, "Don't you see the priest beckoning to you?" Said I, "Yes, but he is only giving Maud and I his blessing." We had not gone very far when a *tumbling* episode occurred. I was engaged in whispering "soft nonsense" into Maud's ear, and enraptured with the beauty of the scene which rose before us at every step we advanced, I did not mind how the "hoss" jogged, till bang went the wheel against the side of the hill, sending us all topsy-turvy, sprawling on our full lengths. The ladies screamed and "hollered," but were not hurt. I was sent spinning over a three-foot wall, jamming my "head *and shoulders*" right up through my polished "stove-pipe." As soon as we picked ourselves up and compared notes, we found that we had all escaped without any bruised bones. Marion's Dublin trimmed bonnet was made as flat as a pan-cake; Georgina's motre-antique silk dress and Grecian-bend were rent most fearfully, while little Maud only had her Lama-skin cloak slightly stained. We had to make a hasty retreat back to Marion's, where I will stop till my next, when I will describe all points between Derry Castle and this lively old town. If you give this in full, please to send the FREEMAN to the enclosed addresess, as I promised them that I would send an account of my jolly adventures to an American newspaper. Wishing yourself, lady and family, and all *paid up* subscribers to your paper, a thousand merry Christmases and five thousand happy New Years, I remain, my dear Mac,

Yours, very truly, ERIONACH.

The Assassination of Col. Fisk.

On Saturday afternoon last, Colonel James Fisk, Jr., was shot in the Grand Central Hotel, Broadway, New York, by Mr. Edwin S. Stokes. Three shots were fired by the assassin. The first lodged in Fisk's shoulder, the second whistled close to his head, and the third took effect in his abdomen. From the latter wound, Mr. Fisk died at about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning. The assassin was promptly arrested and confined in the Toombs. The shooting caused a profound sensation throughout the city, and fears were entertained that the prisoner would be lynched, and his quarters were strongly guarded by the police, Like the case of Mr. Albert D. Richardson, says the *N. Y. Herald*, and, alas! like thousands of other cases, the allurements of lovely women have been the maddening influence that has brought about this tragedy. Mr. Fisk had the misfortune some time ago to become infatuated about Mrs. Josephine Mansfield. This infatuation so grew upon him that it appeared as though, had he been a king instead of a "Prince," he would have declared to Mrs. Mansfield, "I'd crowns resign to call thee mine." He did give up a great deal to her and he not only enriched her, but made her the confident of his remarkable schemes of gigantic speculation and, it is said, of political manipulations. The course of this infatuation and passion did not run smooth, and there was ultimately a disagreement that resulted in enstrangement, and under hostile influences into something that looked like vindictiveness and enmity. The consequence of all this was that Mrs. Mansfield was discarded. It is said that "green-eyed jealousy" brought this "billing and cooing" to an untimely end, and that if Mr. Fisk had not favored another lady with whom he became equally enamored, Mrs. Mansfield would have been his "true love" to this day. She became acquainted with Mr. Stokes, and woman-like spited her old lover by taking a new one. This hratated Mr. Fisk, and by way of obtaining the sweetness of reveage, he became mixed up with Mr. Stokes' mercantile concerns, and eventually the latter was arrested for embezzlement. Then commenced the tug of war. From the gilded parlors and bowers of love in the Twenty-third street mansion the fierce fight was transferred to the law courts, to recriminations in the public prints and to the threatened publication of a compromising correspondence. In this encounter Mr. Fisk seemed to be getting the best of it, when he was struck down by the cowardly hand of his enemy, who played most effectually the *role* of an assassin.

JAMES FISK, JR.—How large a share of public attention this man drew to himself was made apparent on Sunday night, when the telegraph flashed over the whole country, and the press, yesterday, distributed the news of his sudden death. Among the best men there were words of pity expressed for the sinner; but no one attempted to paliate the sinfulness of his life. There must have been a singular magnetism about the man, for it attracted to him many individual friendships. The fears that Stokes, his murderer, would be lynched, that the house of the woman Mansfield would be mobbed and herself maltreated, were sufficiently strong to induce the authoritles to put a large proportion of the police force of New York on guard, and even to lead them to confer with the military upon furnishing their aid, should the threats of vengeance against the assasin and the woman be turned into overt acts.

Fortunately their fears were not realized, and no acts of violence were committed.—But the tragedy of James Fisk's death being done, another is in waiting—that of his murderer, who must answer before the law for his crime against it. The assassination was in every particular a cowardly, cold-blooded one, instigated by the malice that is of the devil, and, as such, no matter what reputation the victim had earned for himself, or in what manner he wrought for the end he met, it should be punished.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

LAWYER VS. DOCTOR.—Lawyers are in the habit of showing their powers of sarcasm at the expense of a witness whenever they get an opprtunity. Occasionally they meet their match in the witness box. The following dialogue took place in the Wharton trial at Annapolis between Attorney General Syester and Dr. Warren:

Lawyer—A doctor ought to be able to give an opinion of a disease without making mistakes.

Witness—They are as capable as a lawyer.

Lawyer—Doctor's mistakes are buried six feet underground; a lawyer's are not.

Witness—But they are sometimes hung on a tree.

The lawyer gave it up.

IF we can benefit the readers of the *Freeman* any by recommending *Parson's Purgative Pills* to be the best anti-billous medicine in the country, we are willing to do so. We have had about as good a chance to know as any one.

Fiendish Outrage and Prompt Punishment.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 5.—On Saturday last a negro named Howard decoyed a little white girl, ten years of age, into a secluded place and committed a terrible outrage upon her. Howard was captured by the police and placed in jail. The excitement over the outrage was very great, and a mob of four or five hundred went to the jail and attempted to break in and kill the prisoner. They were, however, foiled by the police. A third attempt has met with a like result.

Rochester, January 3.—Last evening at ten p. m. the mob again gathered in front of the jail, where about one hundred militia on guard. The police, who had been relieved, were again ordered to the jail. About nine p. m., while the crowd was yelling at the corner of Court and Exchange streets, the military fired a volley, killing two men and wounding a man and boy. The feelings against the military is intense.

The sheriff has ordered out the remaining six companies of the 54th regiment, and they are now at the arsenal. The authorities are determined to defend the jail, but they wish the negro Howard well out of it.

Further particulars of the shooting last evening show that the soldiers were pelted by the mob with brick-bats and stones, and several of them injured. The order to charge was given and some of the men fired instead.

Rochester, January 3.—From three to eleven this morning the city was comparitively quiet. Four companies of the fifteenth regiment are guarding the jail and its approaches, and loaded cannon are placed so as to command the bridges. At eleven a. m. a crowd assembled, there is a good deal of shooting of the military, but no overt act has been committed. At half past eleven some one placed on a canal boat a flag on which were the words, "Avenge your brothers." Brigadier General Clark tore it down and the crowd rushed upon him, and for a short time he was in peril, but was released, and fire-arms were handed to him by friends.

Rochester, January 3. 9:05 P. M.—No further violence has been attempted since noon, and it is believed the disturbauces are at an end. The troops are still guarding the jail, and the police are held in readiness.—The excitement, however, is still high, although to some extent abated.

An indictment was found against the negro Howard to-day.

LATER.

AUBURN, N. Y., January 5.—The negro Howard, who committed the outrage on the white girl in Rochester a few day since, arrived in this city this morning, and took his place in the state prison under a sentence of twenty years. He was very happy to get safely within the walls, putting his thumb to his nose and making a fan of his fingers to the crowd outside as he went up the steps to the main hall.

The Great Enemy.

When the blood becomes charged with noxious particles exoteric to the uses of the body, it soon lays waste one organ after another, until the whole is destroyed or until some deep-seated lesion gnaws into some vital part whose proper functions are necessary to health and the proper enjoyment of life. Chronic diseases, which by their slow consumings are apt after a while to impair to an irremediable extent the whole constitution of man, should be attended to with as much care as those of an acute or speedily acting disease, and if this be done they are quite as amenable to treatment. Consumption, so fatal when it has fastened its fangs on its victim, is of easy cure at the start. A tinful of water would put out the spark which burns down a city. So a bottle of Dr. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE in the beginning of a Cough or Cold will allay all irritation and separate from the Lungs and carry out of the system all morbid matter, both by expectoration and the other channels of the body, and give to the blood that plastic quality necessary to the supplies of life.—Read Dr. KEYSER'S pamphlet on Chronic Lung diseases, sent anywhere free of charge. Price of Lung Cure, $1.50 per bottle, or four bottles at one time for $5, at Dr. KEYSER'S Office for Lung and Chronic diseases, 167 Liberty street, Pittsburgh. Office hours, from 10 A. M. until 1 P. M., and from 3 P. M. until 6. and on Saturdays at night until 9.

IN speaking of the recent conflict between Church and State authorities in Williamsport, where Father Stack called in the courts to aid him in his conflict with Bishop O'Hara, the N. Y. *Tribune* says:

It seems to be generally agreed that the present condition of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is anomalous in this regard, and ought not to continue; but we do not see how it is to be reformed by injunction, nor is it easy to understand how the Court of Common Pleas of Lycoming county, without arrogating one of the prerogatives of the papacy, can assume to reverse the sentence by which a Bishop forbids one of his inferior clergy to perform certain clerical functions. The prohibition is binding only upon the conscience of the Rev. Mr. Stack; and what has Judge Gamble to do with that? As for the priest, he went into the Church with his eyes wide open, and vowed obedience to his bishop, and if his bishop uses him unjustly he knows that his only appeal (from a Catholic point of view) is to the higher authorities of the Church, and not to the civil courts. It may be hard that he should submit to such a rule, but he took the obligation upon himself, and should not complain if it hurts him. Of course, if he chooses to cut loose from what he regards as a tyrannical church, he is at liberty to do so; but we have little sympathy for men who will stay in a society and refuse to obey its rules.

A BRIDE KILLED IN HER WEDDING ATTIRE.—On Thursday afternoon a gentleman named Eby, of Lykens, on this State, was to have been married at Dauphin, to Miss Julia Straw, of Fishing Creek Valley. Miss Straw, dressed in her wedding attire, left her home in company with a friend named Jacob Baker. They were in a wagon drawn by two spirited horses, when within a short distance of McAllister's crossing, on the Northern Central railroad, Baker heard a train coming, and did all in his power to check the animals; but they rushed madly on toward the track, and reached it just in time to be caught by the Erie express. Miss Straw was violently thrown from the wagon, and lived but a few minutes. Her injuries were principally about the head. Mr. Baker received a slight contusion above the eye. One of the horses was killed and the other so badly injured that he had to be shot. The wagon was completely demolished. When found Miss Straw was lying in close proximity to the heels of the live horse, and the impression among some who examined the wound which caused her death is that it was given by the hoof of the animal.

WORTHY OF NOTE.—An exchange says there is scarcely a day passes that we do not hear, either from persons coming into our office or in some other way, of the success of *Johnsin's Anodyne Liniment* in the cure of coughs and colds, so prevalent about town just now.

News of the Week.

THERE are ten million cows in the United States.

—An old woman walked nine miles to attend early mass on Christmas morning. So says a Monroe (Mich.) paper.

—A boy named Thomas Phite, of Chestnut Level, Lancaster county, caught twenty-five skunks during the past two weeks.

—Black Log Valley, Juniata county, has a citizen named Buchanan, aged about 96 years, who makes two flour barrels per day.

—Geo. Shultz, of Alexandria, Huntingdon county, was killed recently on the Lackawanna Railroad, on which he was employed as fireman.

—Joseph Fiester, of Laporte township, Sullivan county, recently killed 13 deer, 4 porcupines, 2 wild turkeys, and 1 wild hog, all in 11 days.

—The recovery of Jesse R. Grant, the President's father, from his recent attack of paralysis is doubtful. He is very feeble, and his mind wanders.

—Gen. Henry Halleck died of congestion of the brain, at his residence in Louisville, Ky., on the 9th inst. He was a gallant soldier, and his death will be greatly regr tted.

—It is stated on good authority that a Philadelphia manufacturing establishment has entered into a contract to supply the Russian government with five hundred locomotives.

—The Labor Reformers of this State contemplate the postponing of their Williamsport nominating convention until after the meeting of the national convention at Columbus, Ohio.

—A wild hog, measuring 7 feet 4 inches long and 3 feet 2 inches in height, and weighing 304 pounds, was killed in Columbia county recently. His chase and capture created great sensation.

—Henry McFerron of Cumberland Valley tp., Bedford county, whilst out rabbit hunting, was accidentally killed by a loaded pistol going off in his pocket, whilst digging out a rabbit from a stone pile.

—Mr. Porter, of Missouri, having completed a century without any prospect of dissolution, has concluded to rub out and begin over again. Accordingly his gray hair is turning black and he is cutting his third set of teeth at the early age of 101.

—Milton P. Lee, recently deceased at Coburn station, Ind., had a life-long dread of a premature resurrection. To provide against this he was, in accordance with his directions while living, buried in a triple coffin, the outer one being of two-inch oak plank, securely spiked.

—Gilolo, an island of the Malacca group, and a stronghold of the pirates who infest the Chinese waters, has been attacked by the vessels of the Spanish fleet, and the forts destroyed and the prlace of the Sultan injured. This lesson was much needed by the sea-robbers.

—At Cleveland, Ohio, on the 8th, a coroner's jury, on the body of Carl Martin, rendered a verdict that he came to his death from eating pork infected with "thrichina spiralis." Mrs. Martin and her two children are now very sick, and the former is not likely to recover.

—During the recent fires in Wisconsin, a little four year old girl resolved to try the efficacy of prayer; but having a pious mother and a profane father, the result of her early training was manifested in the following highly improper manner: "Oh, good Lord, send us rain. Send us lots of rain, right away, Lord, for we're having a hell of a time here."

—A destructive fire occurred at Titusville, Pa., on Sunday morning last about 1 o'clock. Twenty building in the heart of the city were destroyed. The principal buildings burned were the Sherman House, Petroleum Hall and Commercial Block. Loss $100,000; insurance about $50,000. The Assistant City Engineer fell from a ladder, fracturing both knee-pans.

—Jacob Urban, Sr., of Conestoga township, Lancaster county, is the owner of a heifer that recently gave birth to three fine, healthy-looking calves. When one day old the three weighed 140 pounds, and they are so much alike is all respects that it is almost impossible to tell them apart. It is the intention of Mr Urban to raise the triplets, as they are looked upon as great curiosities.

—One of the most remarkable Sunday-schools in the country is at Rahway, New Jersey. This school was founded in 1814, by the Quakers, not as a religious school, but as a secular one, after the order of Robert Rakes. The design was to gather up the poor children in the street and teach them to read. After a year or two it came into the hands of the church. It has had but three superintendents. The last one, who died the other day at the age of ninety, has been an elder and superintendent sixty-two years.

—A young married couple took up their residence at Mortonville, Chester county, a few weeks ago, where the wife was taken suddenly ill with the small pox. Her husband had her conveyed to the poor-house, he himself going with her as nurse; but she died in a few days, and was buried in the cemetery attached to the institution, the husband performing the sad duties of sexton and undertaker himself. After vacating the house in Mortonville, the citizens assembled and destroyed it by fire, including all its contents—first raising a sufficient sum to pay for the loss of the same.

—The New Albany Ledger of a recent date says: This afternoon a highly romantic marriage took place in this city. James A. Reasor, an old Kentuckian, of some fame as a stock-raiser, and author of a work on hog cholera, and Margaret Cleveland, of this county, were married in the street, in front of the residence of the Rev. C. Hutchinson, the loving couple rising in a wagon, with an umbrella over them, while the genial and good-natured clergyman leaned against his fence, and with the rain of heaven spattering in his face, pronounced the words which made the couple happy.

—Fisk, who but yesterday was the companion of Presidents and Princess, is given over now to universal reprobation. The New Yoak *Tribune* says of him: "His four-in-hand usually conveyed more spotted reputations than his own, and his box at the Opera House was shunned as if infected by all who had any character to lose." To which the New York *World* rejoins: "Has the *Tribune* forgotten, then, that President Grant was once conveyed in that most immaculate "four-in-hand;" that President Grant sate, evidently fearing no infection and no loss, in that lazar-box, at the "Opera House?"

—Thomas W. Sydnor, near Dover, owns one of the most remarkable geese in America—barring a few prominent loyal politicians, statesman, and editors. She was owned nearly thirty-five years ago by Thomas White, in Henrico county, Va. He presented her in 1840, to Mrs. Edward Sydnor, and she, in 1869, transferred the bird to Thomas W. Sydnor. He brought her to this State in the fall of '69. The goose was very old when this series of presentations began, and is now supposed to be over seventy years of age. She raised a full flock of goslings last season. She has a full suit of feathers; her voice is strong and clear, and she can fly a mile without winking. Take it altogether, she is certainly a remarkable emblem of Ulyssianic statesmanship.—*Lexington (Mo.) Caucasian.*

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SATURDAY, : : : : : JAN. 13, 1872.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

REMEMBER—That $1.75 will pay for the FREEMAN for one year—that $3 will pay for two copies, one to an old and one to a new subscriber—that $3 will pay for the Harrisburg PATRIOT and the FREEMAN *conjointly* in clubs of twenty, all old subscribers, or $2 75 for both papers when ten of the club are new subscribers, and an EXTRA copy of each paper to the getter-up of the club—that $6 will get both the WEEKLY AGE and the FREEMAN for one old and one *new subscriber*—that $2.25 will get the one new *subscriber*—(monthly,) the FREE-STAR SPANGLED BANNER, and that $4 will get WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE and the FREEMAN for one old and one new subscriber. So take your choice, friends, and send on your money right away, for the present month is the accepted time. Don't put off until to-morrow what should be done to day.

WILLIAM B. CONWAY.

—OLD TIME ROCKS.—Conway was a young man of great promise, and, had he lived, would certainly have made a big mark in the world. He was for several years the editor of a Democratic paper called *The Valley Spirit*, printed at Chambersburg, Franklin county, in this State. He was the editor of that journal during the gubernatorial campaign of 1838, just after the general suspension of the banks, and helped much to aid the election of Governor Porter, by the stirring songs that emanated from his pen, and which were republished in almost all of the Democratic papers throughout the State. We recollect that the chorus of one of them ran in this wise:

"Then to the polls, ye noble souls,
The banks may cry for quarters;
But hang their doom, they shall resume,
Or forfeit all their charters."

The above paragraph appeared in a recent number of the Philadelphia SUNDAY MERCURY, in its usually accurate column of "Answers of Correspondents." Although it is evidently intended to refer to William B. Conway, so well remembered by many of the citizens of this place, it does not contain a single accurate statement in reference to him. William B. Conway never was the editor of THE VALLEY SPIRIT, nor was he connected with any journal in this State during the memorable political campaign of 1838 between Joseph Ritner and David R. Porter, which resulted in the election of the latter as Governor. For some years prior to 1836, Wm. B. Conway, who was born in Delaware, and Thomas Phillips published THE AMERICAN MANUFACTURER, a democratic paper, in Pittsburgh. About the beginning of that year (1836) he came to Johnstown and commenced publishing THE MOUNTAINEER, and removed to Ebensburg with his printing office some time during the early part of the summer, where the paper continued to be published until the latter part of 1837. No newspaper in the State acquired such a wide spread and so deserved a reputation as did THE MOUNTAINEER under its editorial management. It not only circulated largely in Pennsylvania, but had for subscribers many of the leading democrats in every State in the Union. What his early educational opportunities were we do not know, but he was what is called a well-read man, and possessed a refined and highly cultivated literary taste. His FORTE as a political writer consisted of withering invective and unsparing ridicule, although he could reason cogently when the occasion required it. He was a born poet, and the perfect ease and rapidity with which he could throw off doggeral verse was simply astonishing. He possessed an ungovernable propensity to lampoon his prominent political opponents in that kind of rhyme, not because he bore them any special ill-will, but merely because he COULD do it and because it afforded him an opportunity of gratifying a strong natural love of fun. The result of this indulgence was that he was almost constantly in the Court of Quarter Sessions as the defendant in a prosecution for libel, and when he was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine, the bill was promptly liquidated by his admiring democratic friends. His numerous political songs published in 1837 added vastly to the reputation of his paper, and some of them were as familiar to the deck hands of a Mississippi steamboat as they were to the democracy of Pennsylvania. His best known production in that style was "The Bribed Legislator," and is much more applicable now to the legislative halls at Harrisburg and Washington than it was thirty-four years ago. Portions of it are frequently quoted at the present day "to point a moral or adorn a tale." He was the ardent and devoted friend of David R. Porter, and during the summer of 1837 published several ably written articles urging his nomination by the Democratic State Convention, to assemble on the 4th of March, 1838, as its candidate for Governor. His wish was gratified, but he was not here to take any part in the excitement of the bitterly contested campaign that followed. In the fall of 1837 he became an applicant to Martin Van Buren, then President, for appointment to the office of Secretary of the newly organized Territory of Iowa. At that time so well established was his reputation as an accomplished and vigorous political writer, that the author of this article well remembers to have been shown a letter addressed to him by a number of prominent and influential democrats of Philadelphia, in which they offered to present him with a first-class printing press, together with all necessary material and fixtures, and to pay him a handsome salary, if he would abandon his Iowa project and take charge of a new democratic paper which it was proposed to establish in that city. After mature deliberation he very reluctantly declined the generous offer, and was soon afterwards appointed Secretary of Iowa. He left this place for his future western home in the Spring of 1838, and died there in about eighteen months after. His age we suppose to have been about 45 years. At the same time that he was appointed Secretary of the Territory, Joseph Williams, of Somerset county, was commissioned one of the Judges of the Territorial Courts. Williams was a man of infinite jest and was gifted with remarkable powers as a vocalist. The marked peculiarities of the two men caused Theophilus Fenn, then editor of the Harrisburg TELEGRAPH, to express his high appreciation of both appointments, for the reason, as he said, "that while not officially engaged, Conway, with his back against the setting sun, could amuse himself by writing humorous songs, and Joe Williams could sing them."

A bound volume of the MOUNTAINEER while Wm. B. Conway was its editor would afford interesting and amusing reading now for those who knew him and also the persons, now all dead with but two exceptions, against whom the unerring shafts of his wit and ridicule were directed. So far as we can learn, no such volume exists in this county, and the genius of Wm. B. Conway—his wonderful facility as a writer—his inexhaustible fund of humor—his lore for the ridiculous and his withering sarcasm—can only be fully appreciated by those who were familiar with the rich, racy, sparkling and well edited columns of THE MOUNTAINEER when it was in the full tide of successful experiment and was a political power in the State.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—All who know Ebensburg as it now is, are well aware that the Congregational church in this place is one of the most substantial, elegant and commodious religious edifices in the county, the total cost of its erection having netted some $13,000. On Sunday morning last the debt remaining on this church amounted to $2,170—now it is only $570, or at least was only that amount a day or two ago, the remaining $1,600 having been liquidated by the voluntary contributions of the members at the morning and evening services on Sunday last. This is indeed the right spirit to manifest in such matters, and we record the fact as highly honorable to the congregation in question, and as an evidence of the energy and zeal of the worthy pastor in charge, Rev. T. R. Jones. Others of our citizens will be called upon by Mr. Jones to contribute towards the liquidation of the small amount still remaining unpaid, and we hope he will not call in vain.

IF you have a neighbor who don't take the FREEMAN, tell him that he and you can each get a copy one whole year for three dollars.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, January 10, 1872.

DEAR FREEMAN—Enclosed we send you a list of cases tried in the District Court, last week. Some of your readers may find enjoyment in reviewing the list. The Court was very tardy in proceeding with business. This was not the fault of the Judges, for we have real business Judges, nor was it the fault of the District Attorney, for Mr. Sechler is a young lawyer of good promise, and despatched business with commendable speed; but it was the fault of the jurors and the witnesses, who seem to think that they need not attend Court unless they please to do so. They will likely learn a lesson next Court that will be of use to them.—Following are the cases that were disposed of:

Commonwealth vs. Pat'k Scott and Bridget Scott. Charge, assault and battery. Guilty.

Commonwealth vs. John Dull. Larceny and felony. Guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Edward Brady. Assault and battery. Guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Michael Forest and John Kelly. Affray. Not guilty, but defendants pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. Henry Shaffer and Chas Hochstein. Aggravated assault and battery. Each guilty on one count.

Commonwealth vs. Charles H. Moore and Lucinda Moore. Keeping disorderly house.—Not guilty, and prosecutor pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. John Post. Assault and battery. Not guilty. Defendant pay two thirds of the costs, and prosecutor one-third.

The more we see of law the more we think it is a great farce. Justice is administered, so far as Judges are concerned, with honesty of purpose; but a Judge's decision is only a guess. The Supreme Court has the last guess. Then some witnesses can be frightened to swear almost anything, and jurors do not always acquit themselves so as to subserve the ends of justice. Thus the guilty often escape, while the innocent often suffer the penalty of the law. Justices sometimes return the most trifling cases to court, in order to secure costs, and thus the wheels of the law become clogged. The less people have to do with the law, the better it is for them. It is a great expense to go to court. Then attorneys must be employed on each side to argue cases, in order that the Judge can the better DECIDE AS HE PLEASES. This adds to the expense. Trials become an expensive fiction. We are a wonderfully governed people. But ignorance of law, so far as participation therein is concerned, is bliss. We hope the time will come when most people will learn to settle their own cases.

We intend next week to write a poem on sentencing prisoners. It is intended as a burlesque on the whole business of trials at law, and by juries who are sworn FIRST, to render a true verdict according to the evidence, and, SECONDLY, to starve till they all agree. Grand juries only hear one side of a case, and traverse juries are often compelled to render verdicts contrary to their judgments. And, this is justice!

The interments in Sandy Vale Cemetery for 1871 were two hundred and one—ninety males, and one hundred and eleven females. This does not include the number buried in the Catholic burial ground at the old church, nor those buried in the Lutheran graveyard.

Workmen have commenced operations on the new market house, and the building will progress daily from this to its completion next fall.

Our friend Charles Hochstein will be up to see you this week. Mr. H. is as civil and inoffensive man as lives in our city. We have known him for fifteen years and never knew him to quarrel except once. "The law should deal gently with offences of the first grade"!

The two rowdies who went to a spelling school in Yoder township to "settle a dispute," got their "dispute settled" by each paying about $43 costs. Served them right! If people can't be educated one way, they can another.

RON ROY.

WILMORE, Jan. 1, 1872.

MR. EDITOR—As the communications of your former gifted correspondent from this locality no longer grace your columns, we have thought, as we are a subscriber to your estimable paper, that it might not be amiss for us to chronicle occasionally the passing events in our borough and vicinity.

Christmas passed off very pleasantly, amid general rejoicing, and judging from appearances, everybody enjoyed themselves hugely. During the morning and early part of the day there were appropriate services in the Catholic church, and in the evening the Lutherans and United Brethren had entertainments in their churches under the direction of committees of ladies and gentlemen of their respective congregations. The Christmas trees were laden with presents, and some valuable ones, too, consisting of gold watches, ladies' furs, dress patterns, and an endless array of smaller articles while sewing machines graced the floor. In the Lutheran church we noticed some beautiful mottos in evergreen, and while we admired the beauty of the design and the sublimity of the sentiment, we could not but regret that that distinguishing feature of the Redeemer's kingdom, "PEACE ON EARTH, AND GOOD WILL TO MAN," did not prevail more generally.

The old year has come to a close, and many solemn reflections naturally gather around us. During the year just ended the Reaper Death has been busy gathering the sheaves for eternity. Some were gathered in the morning of life, e'er their journey had scarce begun; some at noonday, and some when the twilight shades were gathering. The scroll of death bears many names well known to fame, among whom we may mention Herschel, Murchison, Dumas George Tickner, the Carey sisters, Bishop Baker, and the noble and gifted C. L. Vallandigham; and last of all, his sable plume has overshadowed the sacred College of Cardinals, and he has claimed for his own the venerable Bishop of Palestine.

Hon. John Porter, after making our village his home for a year, has left us and gone to Somerset county to engage in the lumber business. Mr. Porter is a gentleman, and during his residence among us he made many friends who will wish him prosperity and success wherever he may go.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to close by wishing you a happy New Year, and that peace, happiness and prosperity may attend you to its close. Yours, &c., SOLON.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Jan. 8, 1872.

DEAR FREEMAN—After a long absence from your columns I will now give you the only item worth writing from this place. The Fair for the benefit of the church in this place is still progressing favorably, both socially and financially. It will be kept open for some time yet, I have been a visitor there every evening since it opened, and am confident that all visitors are satisfied with the way it is conducted. The refreshment tables are well supplied with all kind of eatables. The dancing room is large, and the St. Augustine String Band is always on hand, when any of the spectators wish to indulge in a trip on the "light fantastic toe." I was shown a beautiful carving knife and fork, to be voted for between the landlords at Chest Springs and St. Augustine, but I think the Chest Springs candidates had better look sharp or they will lose it, as the St. Augustinians say they will have it, cost what it may; and when they say so, I know they mean it. The next is a spirit level, to be voted for between Michael Waltz, John Storm, George Miller, A. J. Hoover, and Pat. Donahoe; but as Mr. Waltz was beaten for the hand-saw at a Fair here before, I am sure that he will take the prize this time. However, I will let you know all about it when the Fair closes. ORION.

THE PHILADELPHIA AGE.—Elsewhere will be found the prospectus of THE AGE for the present year. It is scarcely necessary for us to enter into a detailed statement of the merits of this well known and permanently established democratic organ. It is conducted with great spirit and admitted ability. Against the corrupt practices of all *rings*, and especially the almost numberless plundering rings of Philadelphia, it has always been outspoken and fearless, and has waged a constant and well directed opposition. It deserves well of the democracy, of whose principles it is so able an exponent, and no man who wishes to know what is transpiring in the outside world can be more fully gratified than by becoming a subscriber to the DAILY or WEEKLY AGE, the latter of which at least should find hundreds of patrons among the democrats of Cambria, and is really without a superior as a political, news and literary journal. Only $3 for it and the FREEMAN for an entire year—cash in advance.

COMMUNICATIONS.

JOHNSTOWN, Jan. 6, 1872.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

DEAR SIR—I have neither time nor inclination to enter into a controversy on the subject of *brogue*, but I think I am justified in replying to Mr. Condon's letter which appears in your paper of this date. Mr. C. denies having said *prahte*, but admits that he did say *praste*. I distinctly understood the former, but now that he pleads guilty to having said *praste*, I tell him that neither he or "any other man" ever heard an Irishman pronounce "priest" *praste*, "judge" *jidge*, "street" *strate*, etc. I challenge him, or any man of any nationality, to produce one Irishman who pronounces these words a la Condon. I have conversed, in Irish and English with people from every county in Ireland, and I have never yet heard one of them say *praste*. Any of us who use the *brogue* always pronounce "IE" as we would "EE," but as a rule we pronounce "EA" as we would "A," as in *hate, date, lay, crane*, etc. But who ever heard us say *bafe, belafe, thafe, grafe*, etc.? Perhaps Mr. C. will flourish in the affirmative and retort: "I never that I have heard the Irish say so."

We should *Condonel* rather than condemn a man who calls Samuel Lover the author of "Shamus O'Brien." A man who pretends to know *all* about our "pronouncing peculiarities" ought to know of his own knowledge the name of the author of a poem he attempts to recite, and not depend on second-hand information. "Shamus O'Brien" was written by Sheridan LeFanu, a near relative of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the great Irish orator, wit and dramatist.

Mr. C. quotes some sixteen lines of the poem and italicizes the *brogue*, but why did he not add the following?

"An' the PRIEST, havin' blest him, went down
on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look
around;
But the good PRIEST done more, for his hands
he unbound,
An' with one daring spring Jim leaps to the
ground."

Now he cannot get over the fact that "priest" is spelled in the original just as I give it. Why then did he say *praste*, which was not in the *book he held in his hand*. Mr. C. proves by his own reasoning that he knows no more about Irish *brogue* than he does about Sanscrit when he says that "all such words as 'remark,' 'ark,' 'heart,' 'cart,' etc., *must* be read with the *brogue*." He deserves to be presented with a pair of well-greased "brogues" for this astounding discovery! If he can *brogue* the above words for me I pledge him my honor that I will *eat* a whole *kish of brogues*, thorns and all, if he will only pay for them. The hackneyed phrase of playwrights and leaving Hamlet out is woefully misapplied when it is used to give emphasis to the assertion that "Shamus O'Brien" cannot be recited without the *brogue*. It can be recited, and recited well, without it. I claim to know a little about recitation, especially of Irish pieces, and I confidently assert that "Shamus O'Brien" should not be recited except by one who could give it all that vim, pathos, dash and declamation which it requires, and not by those who would stand, statue-like, and drawl forth, in a nasal twang, whole passages which should roll out in a clear, rich, round declamatory voice. The fact is, there is not one American in ten thousand who can imitate the much ridiculed, but not half understood, Irish brogue. If the *professor* who indited the Institute proceedings for the *Democrat* and *Echo* had only heard the public verdict in and out of the Ebensburg Court House, in regard to the recital of "Shamus O'Brien," he *might* have been somewhat more modest in his laudations of Mr. C.'s style of reading. It was sufficient to call forth the ghost of poor "Jim" to request all amateur readers to let him rest in peace, and not to be *murdering Irishmen's* re-cent and *fa-ther*.

I had no personal motives in criticising Mr. C.'s reading, as I never spoke to that gentleman in my life. Still I will never, so long as I can use tongue or pen, listen to any one bringing ridicule, intentional or otherwise, on the Irish people without showing that he cannot do so with impunity. This will suffice for an answer to Mr. C. and to the nameless ones in the *Democrat* and *Echo*; also to "Justice" in the *Herald*. As for "Justice," he must be like the goddess of the name—*blind*; otherwise he would not write in such a *dark* style as he does.

Yours, truly, M. P. M.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

DEAR SIR—The controversy growing out of the very unclerical conduct of the Rev. M. P. Stucke, of Williamsport, Pa., has developed some very strange and novel ideas in the minds of some would-be canon law judges. The only question in controversy between Rev. Stucke and his superior, Right Rev. Bishop Hara, is whether one bishop has or has not the authority to remove a priest of his diocese from his congregation with or without a hearing. On this subject the statutes of the Catholic Church have been well and clearly defined by the only competent tribunal having jurisdiction over the question at issue. But, independent of all clerical legislation, the vow of submissive obedience to his superior (i. e., the Bishop of his diocese) which every priest assumes, is binding and obligatory, even if the individuals making subjects him to suspension and removal, just as the violation of any one of the decrees or statutes of a Council legislating for the government of the Church subjects the offender to like penalties. For any supposed wrong or alleged grievance the party thus treated has his remedy in an appeal to the Archbishop, or, if need be, to the Pope himself. The Catholic who does not know this much about the government of his Church, surely cannot be a *wise* or *learned Judge* in such matters; and if he knows more than the knowledge of the writer as limited as his knowledge of the canon law or Church government, he certainly cannot hope to retain his commission, however obtained, as a learned Judge very long. ANTI-RES.

Haps and Mishaps at and near Home.

—If you want to be a benefactor of your race on a small scale, scatter coal ashes on your slippery sidewalks.

—Edward Devers was run over by a train of cars at Derry Station, on Saturday evening last, and died from his injuries in two hours after.

—Hon. John A. Blair will "speak a piece" on the subject of temperance at the Congregational church on Monday evening next. Free seats and plenty of them.

—Mr. Patrick O'Connell, sawyer at Barker's Cabinet factory, in this town, was struck on the head by a portion of the running gear of the mill, a few days ago, and slightly injured.

—The bottom has completely fallen out of the "late *stuff* of snow" spoken of by the *Herald*, and as a consequence wheeled vehicles are again in use. Well, no matter—it was a leaky old boat anyhow.

—J. Gallitzin Lake, Esq., has settled down to the practice of his profession in Loretto, as will be seen by card elsewhere. That he may prosper exceedingly, we feel sure is the earnest wish of all who know him.

—This startling piece of information is furnished by the Lewistown *Democrat* for the current week: "The Ebensburg *Alleghenian* has once more died. Cause—too many papers in Cambria county to commit. Can tell!

—John Dull, convicted of larceny in the District Court, and temporarily confined in the Johnstown lock-up, dug out on Friday night of last week and left for parts unknown. *Dull* was too *sharp* to stay very long in such durance vile as that.

—Rev. John Gillespie, who preached in the Presbyterian church in this place on several occasions last summer, was presented with $200 by his congregating in East Liberty on New Year's day. Appreciative congregation—lucky minister—liberal donation.

—The Harrisburg *Weekly Patriot* has been kindly sent us as an exchange, in addition to the daily issue. It is a large, smooth sheet and is filled to repletion with interesting reading matter. We are thankful for the favor, and shall refer to its merits more at length in our next.

—A very strong team in the legal profession is that just made up by the partnership alliance between the efficient and popular District Attorney, Wm. H. Sechler, of this place, and our worthy and talented young friend, T. R. Scanlon, Esq., of Carrolltown. We invite attention to their card and bespeak for them deserved consideration.

—Our energetic and prosperous young friend Mr. R. Geis, we regret to say, was considerably burned about the hands and face while assisting to extinguish a destructive fire at Salina, Kansas, his present home, on the 24th ult. The large and elegant banking house belonging to the firm of which he is a member suffered slightly in the conflagration.

—Mr. James Wilkinson, the proficient worker in marble, has just completed a masterpiece at his establishment on Locust street. It is a tombstone for the grave of Mr. Christian Smay, whose remains are interred in the Catholic graveyard at Wilmore, and will be fully described in our next. Mr. Wilkinson has no superior in his business.

—Don't imagine that we are going to let up on the "Eastern Star Flour." Such an excellent article deserves to be constantly kept before the people, and it will be no fault of ours if the people do not constantly (at meal time) keep it before them in shape of the most palatable of bread, cakes, etc. M. L. Oatman is the only man in Ebensburg who sells this unsurpassable brand.

—It affords us great pleasure to learn that our talented and very worthy friend, Joe H. Gadd, formerly of Johnstown, but more recently of Bethalto, Ill., has been appointed to a clerkship in the Motive Power Department of the Kansas Pacific Railway, of which department another Johnstowner, Mr. T. K. Vickroy, is the chief. Joe is an uncompromising democrat and a whole-souled gentleman, and no one will be more rejoiced than ourself to hear of his further promotion.

—JOHN J. MURPHY will recite "Shamus O'Brien," or any other man, at the Mansion House Corner, on any day in January, and sell any quantity of dry goods, dress goods, fancy goods, and such like. Mr. Murphy undoubtedly sells cheap and durable goods, as all his old customers can testify. Those wanting dry goods should always call with John J. Murphy first and save ten per cent. in their purchases.

JOHNSTOWN, Jan. 8, 1872.—*Dear Sir:* I write to inform you that L. Cohen keeps a hat store in Johnstown, at No. 227 Main street. If you see any person in your bailiwick that wants a nice hat, or cap, or shirt, or anything in the line of men's wear, or ladies, furs, tell them to call with L. Cohen, and you will very much oblige MANY CITIZENS.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Written, and Read before the Teachers' Institute,
BY S. S. M'CORMICK.

Once on a time a fair angel of light,
Or a seraph, or spirit, or being as bright,
Came floating along, like a cloud in the air,
On a liquid phosphorus, translucent and fair;
Like the rainbow, her wings spread in radiance bright,
And folks were alarmed at the wonderful sight.
She came, like the light of the natural sun,
From the east, and travelled still westwardly on.
The place her effulgence most signally shone
Was a spot on the northern temperate zone—
A locality usually called by men,
In colonial parlance, "The Forest of Penn";
A tract that is traversed by mountain range,
And by valley green, and by forest strange—
A place where the Celt and the Teuton had come
And had driven the red man away from his home.

I cannot describe this stranger to-night,
Only to say that her glances were bright,
Her looks were modest, her face was fair
And surrounded with curls of golden hair,
Her wardrobe was tasteful, but then she bore
No diamonds—not even a ring she wore.
She had sweet manners, and grace, and ease,
And her pleasant smile was sure to please.
She seemed an angel from heavenly bower
Whose presence had an electric power,
And those who read her Grecian face
Well know the power of every grace.
She willed—and firmness bore her through—
For what she willed, that she would do.

And many did glance at this lady so fair,
So humble, so blithe, and so *debonaire*,
Some thought her but weak, with power to bind,
By her magical touch, both body and mind;—
Others thought her a *miser*, like Midas of old,
Who wished to transform every substance to gold;—
Some said 'twas Alladdin with lamps and lights,
Who had come to rob us of all our rights;—
Others hailed her a queen, and shouted huzzas,
And asked her to make them more excellent laws;—
And squires and aldermen, puffy and great,
Whose bodies could scarcely be equalled for weight,
Predicted that now the great arch would fall,
Keystone, Institutions, and people and all.
For Burrowes, and Stevens, and Wolf had been seen,
With Ritner, escorting the "Fairy Queen."

But she heeded them not—the surmises of men,
Their threats, their applause, and their murmurs are vain.
She traversed the State from the lakes to the bay;
She examined the forests, the rocks, and the clay;
And she saw precious gems in the forest pine,
Bright jewels in rocks, and gold in the mine,
And diamonds and pearls, that quietly lay
In unmelted ore, and in unwrought clay;—
"These people have wealth, but, alas! they are blind,"
Said the Queen: "What is wanted is *mind!*
MIND!! MIND!!!
"Now, what can I do for this people?" said she;
"I shall open their eyes and then they can see."

She went to the Senate and hallowed its halls;
She perfumed the old Representative walls
With spices from Orient palaces brought—
The odors of reason, the essence of thought;
And daily she counseled with law-makers there,
And nightly she whispered to heaven a prayer;
And soon she enchanted the sage and the youth:
She enamored with smiles—*she converted with truth*—
Until they consented to sell her domain,
That they might erect on each hill-top a fane,
Where the signal of truth would continually shine,
And where she would rule with a power Divine.
She summoned young men of the State to appear
As her priests; but she said, "Your reward is not here."
Young maidens, as priestesses, too, did prepare,
Who treasure pursue sought; but she pointed—"UP THERE!"
She shoved them her altars, some dim and some bright,
And she said, "Offer here sweet incense of light."
She pointed to fully half a million of youth,
And she said, "Teach them here the good lessons of truth."

"They have called me witch with power to bind,
By the touch of my wand, both body and mind;
They have called me a miser, like Midas of old,
And I shall convert these grey mountains to gold;
They have called me a queen and shouted applause,
And now I shall make them more excellent laws;
If I am Aladdin, I came but to toil,
And my lamps shall e'er burn, for I'll dig for oil.
I came from the realms of etherial light—
The guardian of civil and moral right.
The people are mine—the young and the old—
And *knowledge* to them is far better than gold,
True religion is mine, though I favor no sect,
And all virtue is mine that the soul can reflect,
And this is my record, since end my life-drama shall
First a LIFE—then a DEATH—then a JUDGMENT beyond."

And now where the valley and hillside are white
With harvests that wave in the warm summer light;
Where orchards rejoice in their gold-colored sheen,
And the vine and the vintage are everywhere seen;
Where the forge and the furnace pour daily forth,
From their fiery throttles, metallic worth;
Where the wild steam whistle, so sharp and so shrill
Screams out as the cars traverse valley and hill;
Where the magical wire, suspended in air,
Sends greeting and gladness—every where
May be seen, in valley, and mountain height,
The temples of mental and moral light;
At whose shrines are worshippers youthful and fair,
While her priests and her vestals make offerings there;
And there, in the midst, sits the "Fairy Queen,"
Bestowing great joy where sorrow had been;
Dispensing her blessings in every band—
The honored guest of a favored land.
Who came to *bless us*, and *not to rule*;—
And who Is this lady?—THE COMMON SCHOOL!

GEIS & FOSTER.

GRAND OPENING OF FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS AND DRESS GOODS.

The attention of the Ladies is directed to our immense stock of Millinery Goods, comprising a grand assortment of French Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Silks, Velvets, Ornaments in endless profusion, and the latest styles of Trimmed Bonnets and Hats, which we have always on hand, or we can supply any lady with trimmed Hats or Bonnets at shortest notice and in a style which we guarantee will give entire satisfaction. We are now offering special and extraordinary inducements in Fall and Winter Dress Goods, Double Warp Alpacas, Poplins, Velveteens, Waterproofs, Cassimeres, Flannels, Blankets, Linens, Muslins, Prints, Ginghams, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Dress Trimmings, and a full variety of Small Wares, Zephyr Worsted and Germantown Wool, at prices to suit all.

A magnificent line of Black and Colored Silks in Glace and Gros Grain, at prices ranging from $1 to $4.

A new, complete and elegant display of Single and Double Broche, Paisley and Thibet Shawls, at from $3 to $50, and hundreds of Woolen Shawls at very reduced prices. We have also opened a splendid line of Ladies' and Children's FANCY FURS, AT LOWEST PRICES. A full and varied assortment of Carpets, Oil Cloths and Window Shades always on hand. Also, the very choicest of live Geese Feathers. All of the above and much more can be bought for the cash at the lowest market rates from

GEIS & FOSTER,
Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street,
Johnstown, Pa.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.—John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metalic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Matrasses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [jul.18.-tf.]

JAMES J. MURPHY complains, for that, whereas, John Doe and Richard Roe did, on the 14th day of September, 1871, or near that time, with malice aforethought, to wit: at his Star Clothing Store, in the borough of Johnstown, with force and arms, enter the premises aforesaid, at No. 109 Clinton street, and commit a burglary, by taking and carrying away all his made-up clothing, to wit: coats, pants, and vests—for which reason, the said Murphy had to go to Philadelphia and New York city and lay in a splendid stock of new made-up clothing.—Wherefore he brings these suits.

S. J. HESS & CO.—This is the firm that purchase and sell more made-up clothing than tongue can tell. Their number is 241—their place of business is located on Main street, on a parcel of ground that is called a lot in the plot of Johnstown; and while we don't want to disparge the rest, we always thought that they sell the best made-up clothing, coats, pants, and vests, because in wearing it bears the tests of good sewing, good cloth, good fits and low prices. Go to H——l go to H——l.

ITS NO USE, the poisonous hair preparations have had their day and done their mischief. Now comes along NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE, a perfectly clear article, which restores gray hair and keeps the head in a healthy condition. See advertisement.

GO, SEE AND ADMIRE

THE IMMENSE SHOW

OF

NEW GOODS!

NOW OPENING AT

Thompson's!

ONE THOUSAND

OVERCOATS!

NEW AND ELEGANT STYLES OF

CLOTHING!

$2,000 WORTH OF

LADIES' FURS

OF ALL GRADES.

BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR THE MILLION!

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

OBITUARY.

MORAN.—Died, in Altoona, on Monday, Jan. 1st, Mrs. ELLEN MORAN, wife of Mr. Miles Moran, in the 38th year of her age.

Mrs. Moran, whose maiden name was M'Vey, resided in Johnstown for many years, and was there married. She was a woman worthy of a good husband's affection and of everybody's highest esteem and best wishes, and having been earnest and devout in her religious duties, and kind, loving and charitable in her family relations, we can well believe that a crown of never-fading glory has been vouchsafed her. The husband and children thus greatly bereft have our warmest sympathies. *Requiescat in pace.*

MALOY.—Died, in Allegheny township, on Monday last, Mr. JOHN MALOY, sr., aged about 78 years.

The deceased was one of the earliest settlers of Northern Cambria, having resided in the vicinity of Loretto for fully half a century, and several years ago served in the capacity of Deputy Prothonotary for this county. He enjoyed the confidence of all who knew him. May he rest in peace.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

LORETTO, PA.

WM. H. SECHLER, Ebensburg. T. R. SCANLAN, Carrolltown.

SECHLER & SCANLAN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Advice given in English and German.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing or otherwise interfering with the following personal property, owned by me and left in the hands of Jackson Durbin, of Clearfield township, viz: 1 Mow of Oats, 1 Mow of Hay, 1 Mow of Straw, Corn-Fodder in the field, 1 Spring Calf, 5 Sheep, 1 Sleigh Harness, 2 Grain Cradles, 1 Log Chain, 3 Stoves, 2 Bedsteads and Bedding, Desk, Sink, Cupboard, Clock, &c. MARY DURBIN.

Clearfield Twp., Jan. 12, 1872.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the real estate of John Keelan, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in the Borough of Johnstown, on *Wednesday, the 14th day of February*, A. D. 1872, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at which time all persons are required to present their claims, or be debarred from coming in for a share of the fund.

C. L. PERSHING.

Johnstown, Jan. 13, 1872.-3t.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!—The subscriber hereby offers at private sale all that valuable Real Estate now in his occupancy, situated in Munster township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of about **200 Acres.** The said property is under good fence and in an excellent state of cultivation. It is unnecessary to describe the improvements, etc., as any person desirous of purchasing can do so for any information necessary as to terms, etc., by making application to

AUGUSTIN DURBIN.

Munster Twp., Jan. 13, 1872.-3t.*

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of NICHOLAS SNYDER, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of Nicholas Snyder, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ELIZABETH SNYDER, }
T. R. SCANLAN, } Executors.
Carrolltown, Jan. 13, 1872.-6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JOSEPH RICHTER, dec'd.

The undersigned, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of WM. RICHTER, Adm'r of Joseph Richter, deceased, upon his account filed, hereby notifies all parties interested that he will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in the Borough of Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, the 13th day of February next*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they may attend if they see proper.

Jan. 13, '72.-3t.* WM. KITTELL, Auditor.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the business of Pump Manufacturing and Well Boring, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts have been left in the hands of Charles Feighner for collection, to whom all claims against the firm should be presented.

CHARLES FEIGHNER,
D. R. P. SWANEY.

Carroll Twp., Jan. 8, 1872.

☞ The business hereafter will be conducted by the subscriber at the old stand, and a continuance of public patronage is respectfully solicited. All work in my line will be promptly and carefully executed, and the utmost satisfaction guaranteed.

Jan. 13.-3t. CHARLES FEIGHNER.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of F. J. BARBERICK, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of F. J. Barberick, late of the State of Iowa, having been issued to the undersigned, all parties in any way indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

GEO. A. BERRY, Adm'r.

Ebensburg, Jan. 6, 1872.-6t.

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....GEO. A. BERRY.

SHOEMAKER & BERRY,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

March 11, 1871. EBENSBURG, PA.

E. J. WATERS, *Justice-of-the-Peace*, has removed to the office recently occupied by Dr. E. H. Plank, on the east side of Centre street, opposite Colonade Row.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, Centre street. [Jan.13'72-tf]

L. D. SINE'S GIFT ENTERPRISE,
ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

Principal Office 101 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.
The only RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION in the country!

$60,000.00

IN VALUABLE GIFTS!

TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN

L. D. SINE'S

153rd REGULAR MONTHLY

Gift Enterprise!

To be drawn Monday, Feb. 19th, 1872.

Two Grand Capitals of

$5,000 each in Greenbacks!

Two Prizes $1,000 } GREENBACKS
Five Prizes $500 }
Ten Prizes $100 }

Horse and Buggy, with Silver-mounted Harness, worth $500.
One Fine-toned Rosewood Piano, worth $500!
TEN FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, WORTH $100 EACH!
Five Heavy Cased Gold Hunting Watches and Heavy Gold Chains, worth $500 each!
Five 20K Assitiar Patent Levers, worth $200 each.
TEN LADIES' GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, worth $100 each!
800 *Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches (in all) worth from $20 to $300 each.*

Ladies' Gold Lockline and Gent's Gold Vest Chains, Solid and Double-Plated Silver Table and Teaspoons, Photograph Albums, Jewelry, &c., &c., &c.

Whole number Gifts, 6,000. Tickets limited to 60,000.

AGENTS WANTED to Sell Tickets, to whom Liberal Premiums will be given.

SINGLE TICKETS $1; SIX TICKETS $5; TWEL

[From Pittsburgh Leader, Jan. 4.]

GOVERNOR GEARY'S MESSAGE.

A Synopsis of All the Points—The Finances—Constitutional Reform—The Common Schools—Compulsory Vaccination—Pardons.

Governor John W. Geary yesterday sent his annual message to the legislature. It opens with a statement of the condition of the finances, showing the total public debt November 30, 1871, to be $28,980,071 73. On November 30, 1870, the total indebtedness of the State was $31,111,661 90, showing a decrease during the year of $2,131,590,17. The total funded debt amounts to $28,866,-145,19, unfunded $113,026,59, and the two added together makes the total debt. The commissioners of the sinking fund report assets in their hands amounting to $3,400,000. The Governor very wisely recommends that the appropriation bill, which is generally passed about the time the legislature adjourns, be taken up and passed at an early period of the session, so as to enable him to give it that examination which its importance demands.

In relation to the war claims the message says that under an act of Congress passed July 27, 1861, the State held claims against the general government, filed in six different installments, amounting to $3,172,218,19, while the national government claimed from the State the sum of 1,946,719,33, being Pennsylvania's quota of a direct tax levied on all the States to increase the revenue of the general government. In January, 1863, Governor Curtin informed the legislature that the direct tax had been paid by a relinquishment of a portion of the sums claimed by the State from the general government, with an abatement of 15 per cent. on the tax, allowed by Congress for prompt payment. It subsequently transpired, however, that no settlement had been made, and the books of the government showed the State to be indebted to it $2,202,719,33. This statement still left a considerable balance due the State, and to collect this balance, with other disallowed and suspended claims against the United States, the Legislature passed a resolution authorizing the governor to appoint a special agent, which he did by selecting George O. Evans, of Philadelphia, who was successful in securing the rebatement of the fifteen per cent. on the direct tax, and collected for the State claims amounting to $2,910,469.11, all of which he paid over to the State, after deducting his commission of ten per cent. allowed him by the law. The amount of the outstanding claims yet to be collected by the State from the general government amount to $461,749.08.

In regard to the "Credit Mobilier of America," a corporation created by our legislature, the governor recommends prompt and careful consideration of the subject, and hopes such action will be taken as will protect the interests of the commonwealth in the future.

Concerning constitutional reform, he recommends that legislation be postponed until the action of the proposed convention to revise the constitution be known.

He considers the apportionment of the state into congressional districts a duty worthy of careful consideration.

Recommends the repeal of an act giving to the Milford and Matamoras railroad company the sum of ten thousand dollars, annually paid to the state of New York and Erie railroad company, and he also denounces the passage of that act as "hasty and inconsiderate legislation."

Speaking of the common schools, the governor recommends the adoption of a liberal policy in regard to the payment of teachers, and suggests an appropriation of $520,000 in aid of the common schools, and $480,000 for the soldiers' orphans' schools.

The National Guard is remembered in a few complimentary remarks.

In his message of February 16, 1870, the governor gave his reasons why the "act to allow writs of error in cases of murder and manslaughter" should not pass the legislature, and his views as then expressed remain unchanged.

The message also recommends legislation concerning sheriff's proclamations for elections, railroad consolidations, capitol and capitol grounds, revision of the civil code, and coal mines.

The governor is evidently in favor of compulsory vaccination; he deprecates the want of proper sanitary laws in our state, and refers the legislature to statistics demonstrating the necessity of a compulsory vaccination law, besides quoting the opinions of eminent physicians. He also suggests the organization of a state board of health, and denominates it as a measure that will result in great sanitary reforms. The removal of the quarantine station is suggested, and as a co-operation of the states of New Jersey and Delaware is necessary, the Governor recommends that two commissioners be appointed to confer with similar commissioners from the other states in relation to the removal of the station. The removal of the powder magazine to a more isolated district is also deemed desirable.

The importance of the board of public charities is recognized, and mention is made of the death of a number of distinguished citizens of the state.

The executive's power of pardoning is mentioned as an embarrassing and responsible duty. During the past year one thousand and twenty-three applications for pardon were made, sixty of which were granted, less than six per cent. of the entire number. Nothing is said, however, concerning the case of Dr. Schoeppe. The wisdom of the legislature in passing an act authorizing the commutation of terms of imprisonment is commended and its salutary effect noted.

The message closes with some general remarks upon questions not affecting the interests of the state, and in this connection are not considered worthy of special mention.

STEWED OYSTERS.—We suppose that nine out of ten housekeepers will contradict us point blank, in a statement that nine out of ten of them do not know how to stew a dish of oysters. By the ordinary routine, that nearly every one follows, either the oysters are stewed and shrivelled out of all semblance of themselves in shape, size and flavor, or else the soup and 'thickning' has a raw taste which spoils it. Here is the right method; try it once, and we will warrant you will not want a second telling: Pick the oysters out of the juice with a fork, as dry as possible; stew the juice, thicken with the milk, of which the soup is to be made, until thoroughly cooked: then drop the oysters in, and just as the cooled scup begins to show signs of 'simmering, empty out altogether, and you will have rich soup and plump oysters luscious enough to make you think you never tasted real oysters b'fore.

1872. WINTER. 1872.

I am now prepared to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

TO CASH PURCHASERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.

EITHER AT

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of

Tin, Sheet-Iron,

COPPER AND BRASS WARES,

ENAMELLED AND PLAIN

SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS &c.,

COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's Anti-Dust

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,

NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES.

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Odd Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,

all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

UGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS

of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to

obbing n Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,

at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.

Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

TO CASH CUSTOMERS!

AT THE EBENSBURG

HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shoe Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl-Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

☞ *House Spouting* made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY

Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HEATING AND COOK STOVES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING

and all other work in his line.

Virginia Street, near Caroline Street,

ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND

COME and SEE!

GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS

FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE ROOM and STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to H. A. Shoemaker & Co., and having purchased an additional

STOCK OF NEW GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY,

we are now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as will patronize us, with Goods of all kinds at

PRICES FULLY AS LOW

as any other merchant in or out of Cambria county. It is our intention to keep our Store constantly stocked with a full and well selected assortment of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and all other articles, large or small, that can be found in any store of like character in the county; and as we intend to

SELL EXCLUSIVELY for CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE,

and make no bad debts, we feel sure that our stock and our prices will only require but a call to secure for us a liberal share of patronage.

EARLY VISITS FROM ONE AND ALL

are respectfully solicited, and if we fail to render entire satisfaction, both as regards the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them, it will certainly be no fault of the new firm at the old stand of Shoemaker & Co., High street. Don't forget to call and we'll not forget to give you full value for your money.

YERS & LLOYD.

Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

EBENSBURG

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT.

COOKING STOVES, HEATING STOVES.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, three doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

GEO. C. E. ZAHM ..... JAS. B. ZAHM.

ZAHM & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.

Aug. 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,

Altoona, Pa.,

Operative and Mechanical DENTIST

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-tf.

SAM'S LEGACY.

A DEATH BED SCENE.

Sam is a colored "man and brother." He came north during the late war. He got as far as Connecticut and hired out to a Radical farmer as a farm hand. Sam was free—that is, he was free to work early and late for very little pay. He got his board and clothes, such as they were, and occasionally, on a holiday, he found himself master of a shinplaster, of a small denomination. Once, his employer, aware that Sam was calculating to go to Hartford to attend a colored celebration, opened his heart and tendered the grinning contraband a twenty-five cent shinplaster. Now, Sam had an indistinct idea that, notwithstanding his master's protestations of love for his unfortunate race, there were other colored men working in the same neighborhood with himself who were infinitely better off than he was, and one especially, who worked for a "copperhead," had a small sum laid away in one of the Hartford saving banks. So Sam had grown to be suspicious that his master was not treating him so generously as his self-laudations might seem to imply, and when he was proffered the twenty-five cent bill he plucked up his courage to say, "Golly, massa, I knows I's a culled pussun, and am not waff much anyhow; but seein' this chile ain't had noffin' for about six months, 'pears to me you might raise it to a half a dollar."

This stroke of audacity on Sam's part subjected him to a severe lecture, in which his employer figured as a benefactor, and Sam as an ungrateful creature who could not realize or appreciate what had been accomplished for his race. After this Sam almost thought it his duty to decline the twenty-five cent piece, but when he thought of the dusky city charmers whom he might wish to treat to ice-cream, he smothered his feelings of sympathy, pocketed his money and started for town to participate in the emancipation celebration.

Some time after this Sam's master was taken sick, and supposing that his life was near an end, sent for Sam to come to his bedside. The negro made his appearance, and with a joyful face drew near, expecting something vastly to his benefit would occur. What it would be he had not the remotest idea, but judging from his own feelings he thought that nothing less than a pretty good fiddle would be at all appropriate for a death bed present.

"You know," said his employer, "you have been a faithful servant to me, Sam?"

"Yes, massa," (Sam's ebony features developed into a broad grin. He now hoped for a pair of cowhide boots in addition to the fiddle)

"You know, Sam, I always treated you kindly."

"Yes, massa." (By this time Sam's imagination had expanded into something like activity, and his desires now embraced the fiddle, boots, a handful of plug tobacco and a bandanna handkerchief, and he anxiously waited to hear the next word.)

His master then said in a solemn voice, "Sam, in consideration of your faithful services, I have directed in my will that when you die, if you in the meantime live in this neighborhood, you shall be buried by my side."

After waiting a few minutes as if expecting something else was to be said, Sam asked, "Is dat all, massa?"

"Yes, Sam, all?"

"Then," said the disgusted African, "dis nigger don't like it! for maybe some dark night de debble come look for massa, an' make a 'stake an' take poor Sam. No, massa, if all be the same to you, dis chile 'fers to be buried by hisself."

"IT ISN'T CATCHING."—The following little story, too good not to be repeated, is told at the expense of a young lady school teacher, not a thousand miles from this place, who is very properly anxious in regard to the prevention of small-pox in her school, and therefore strictly enforces the rule that whenever a case of sickness is reported in the family of any one of her pupils, the pupil must bring a certificate from the family physician stating that the disease is not contagious, failing in which the pupil must remain away until all danger is over. A few days ago she was informed that one of her pupils, a little girl, of Teutonic extraction, had sickness in her family. On being questioned, the little girl admitted that "she had sick at her house;" that her mother was sick, and that she had "marks on her face." She was accordingly sent home. She returned in a few days, however, and reported that her "father was sick now." She was again sent home, with orders not to come again without a certificate from the family physician. The next day she returned to school and shyly siding up to the teacher, with her finger in her mouth and her little bonnet swinging by the strings, she said: "Miss——, we've got a leetle baby at our house, but mother told me to tell you *it isn't catchin'*." The teacher said she was very glad it wasn't "catching," and told the pupil to take her seat.

AN amusing colloquy came off at a supper table on board of one of our Mississippi steamboats, between a Chicago exquisite, reeking with oil and cologne, who was cursing the waiters and assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan seated by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning to his vulgar friend, the former pointed with his jewelled finger and said: "Buttah, sah!" "Yes, I see it is," coolly replied Jonathan. "Buttah, sah, I say," fiercely repeated the dandy. "Yes, sir; I know it—very good and a first rate article." "Buttah, I tell you," thundered the dandy in still louder tones, as if he would annihilate him. "Well, gosh, all Jerusalem, what of it?" now yelled the down easter, getting his dander up. "You don't think I took it for lard, do you? You must be an everlasting darn fool, and drat you, if you don't shut up your jaw I'll butter my fists and cram them down your infernal throat. If you don't hush I'll get mad; do you hear?"

THERE are 80,000 different shades in ribbons;

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

Dr. Crook's WINE OF TAR Established 1862.

A remedy which has been tested for 10 years, and proved in thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; performing many remarkable cures in a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and vainly seeking relief. Will you be prejudice prevent you from being cured also!

Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all

Asthma.—The relief and cures of it are marvelous.

Bronchitis.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure in a trial. Almosts require only a few doses.

Lung Disease.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable

Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system.

Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of this organ

Dyspepsia.—Its healthy action on the stomach cures it.

Appetizer.—It is health-giving and appetite restoring.

Kidney Organs.—Action on them is marked and prompt

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of undoubted value, which make it unsurpassed, not only for the complaints enumerated but it rapidly restores exhausted strength, cleanses the Stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood, and begets a vivacity appreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try the life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar, you will add your testimony to its great value in correcting any "ills that flesh is heir to." Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Scrofula, Cutaneous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Carbuncles, Abscess of the Liver, Diseases of the Glands, Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Blotches, Tetter, Scald Head, Ulcers, and old Sores, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Tar, Sarsaparilla and Blood Purifier. It is combined with the best tonic properties of Iron known, and is the best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

Nos. 150 and 152 Union Stre et,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,
Bedsteads,
Washstands,
Sideboards,
Chamber Sets,
Parlor Sets,
Wardrobes,
Book Cases,
Lounges,
Cane Chairs,
Wood Seat Chairs,
Kitchen Furniture,
Bed Lounges,
Mattresses,
Tete-a-Tetes,
Extension Tables,
Dining Tables,
Cupboards,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and Chairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

EXCURSION TICKET!

GOOD FOR NINETY DAYS.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

EBENSBURG TO SAN FRANCISCO,

AND RETURN.

The person holding this Ticket is entitled to one First-Class passage, on foot or horseback, to San Francisco and return, provided said person's Photograph is first taken at

SPENCE'S GALLERY,

HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.

EXCURSION TICKET!

Andrew Moses,

DRAPER & TAILOR,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

AUCTION! AUCTION!

HAVING been commissioned by Governor Geary to act as *AUCTIONEER* in and for the Borough of Ebensburg, I am now prepared to receive and sell at Public auction all kinds of Goods, Wares, Merchandise, &c., and also attend to the duties of auctioneer at all sales of Lands, Tenements, Live Stock, Household Furniture, &c., &c., within the limits of said Borough. *Terms moderate.* Inquire at No. 100 High Street. *M. L. OATMAN,*

Ebensburg, pril 22, 1871.-tf.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

WM. M. LLOYD & CO., BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest or upon time with interest at fair rates.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS, *EBENSBURG, PA.*

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BUNN, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, Cigars, Tobacco, Notions, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa. [April 17, 1868.]

Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of **Consumption**, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing **Coughs**, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome **Influenza** and painful **Bronchitis**, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HALE'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye

FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

NATURE'S

HAIR RESTORATIVE

TRADE MARK. PATENTED.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT,—desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE*, and take no other.

☞ Send two three cent stamps to PROCTER BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.

☞ For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 3, '71.-1y.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in the rear of J. Buck & Co.'s store, and residence (where night calls can be made) one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1871.]

W. W. JAMISON, M. D., **Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa.,**

Tenders his professional services to all citizens of the above place and vicinity who may at any time need Medical aid. [apr.21.-tf.]

LEMMON & PLANK, **Practising Physicians,** EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Office in rear of Lemmon & Murray's Drug and Book Store, High street. [jul27-6m.]

HOW HE SET THE TURKEY.

Mrs. Stowe, in one of her stories, gives the following sketch of a worthy minister, who evidently understood the good book better than he did the turkey business.

"'Huldy,' says the minister, one day to his new help 'you ain't experienced outdoors, and when you want to know anything you must come to me.'

"'Yes, sir,' said Huldy.

"'Now, Huldy,' says the parson, 'you must be sure to save the turkey eggs so that we can have a lot of turkeys for Thanksgiving.'

"'Yes, sir,' says Huldy, and she opened the pantry door and showed him a nice dishfull she'd been savin' up. Wal, the very next day the parson's hen-turkey was found killed, up to old Jim Scroggs's barn—folks said Scroggs killed it, though Scroggs he stood to it he didn't—at any rate the Scroggs's made a meal on't, and Huldy she felt bad about it, 'cause she'd set her heart on raisin' the turkeys—and says she, 'Oh dear, I don't know what I shall do, I was just ready to set her.'

"'Do, Huldy?' says the parson, 'why, there is the other turkey out there by the door, and a fine bird, too, he is.'

"Sure enough, there was the old Tom turkey a struttin' and a sidlin' and a quitterin' and flutterin' his tail feathers in the sun, like a lively young widower, all ready to begin life over again,

"'But,' says Huldy, 'you know he can't set on eggs.'

"'He can't? I'd like to know why,' says the parson—'he shall set on eggs, and hatch 'em, too.'

"'Oh, Doctor,' says Huldy, all in a tremble, cause she didn't want to contradict the minister, and she was afraid she should laugh—'I never heard that a Tom turkey would set on eggs.'

"'Why, they ought to,' said the parson, getting quite earnest; 'what else be they good for? You just bring out the eggs, now, and put 'em in the nest, and I'll make him set on 'em.'

"So Huldy thought there wasn't no way to convince him but to let him try; so she took the eggs out, and fixed 'em all nice in the nest, and then she came back and found Tom a skirmishin' with the parson pretty lively, I tell ye. Ye see, old Tom, he didn't take the idee at all, and he flopped and gobbled and fit the parson, and the parson's wig got round so that his cue stuck straight out over his ear, but he'd got his blood up. Ye see, the old doctor was used to carryin' his pints o' doctrine, and he hadn't fit the Arminians and Socinians to be beat by a Tom turkey—so finally he made a dive and ketched him by the neck in spite of his flopping, and stroked him down and put Huldy's apron 'round him.

"'There, Huldy,' he says, quite red in the face, "we've got him now,' and he traveled off to the barn with him as lively as a cricket.

"Huldy came out, jist chokin' with laugh, and afraid the minister would look 'round and see her.

"'Now, Huldy, we'll crook his legs and set him down,' says the parson.—When he got him down, old Tom sot there solemn enough and held his head down, all drooping, lookin' like a real pious old cock, as long as the parson sot by him.

"'There, you see how still he sets,' says the parson to Huldy.

"Huldy was 'most dyin' for fear she should laugh, 'I'm afraid he'll get up,' says she, 'when you do.'

"'Oh, no he won't,' says the parson, quite confident; 'there, there,' says he, layin' his hands on him as if he was pronouncin' a blessin'. But when the parson riz up, Tom he riz up too, and began to march over the eggs.

"'Stop now,' said the parson; 'I'll make him get down again; hand me that corn basket, we'll put that over him.'

"So he crooked old Tom's legs and got him down again, and they put the basket over him, and then they both stood and waited.

"'That'll do the thing, Huldy,' said the parson.

"'I don't know about it,' says Huldy.

"'Oh, yes it will child—I understand,' says he.

"Just as he spoke the basket riz right up and stood, and they could see old Tom's long legs.

"'I'll make him stay down, confound him,' says the parson, for you see parsons is men, like the rest on us, and the doctor had got his spunk up.

"'You jist hold him a minute and I'll get something that'll make him stay, I guess,' and out he went to the fence and brought in a long, thin, flat stone, and laid it on old Tom's back.

"Old Tom, he wilted down considerably under this, and looked railly as if he was goin' to give in. He staid still there a good long spell, and the minister and Huldy left him there and come up to the house, but they hadn't more than got in the door, before they see old Tom a hoppin' along, as high-steppin' as ever, saying 'talk! talk!' and 'quitter! quitter!' and struttin' and goblin' as if he'd come through the Red sea and got the victory.

"'Oh, my eggs!' says Huldy, 'I'm afraid he's smashed 'em!'

"And sure enough, there they was, smashed flat enough under the stone.

"'I'll have him killed,' said the parson—'we won't have such a critter 'round.'

—A writer in the British Journal of Photography predicts that owing to the perfection of micro-photography brought about by the necessities of the Parisian siege, we will soon have our daily paper handed us the size of a postage stamp, and carry our favorite poets in our vest buttons. We will see "a new edition of Macaulay complete in three shirt studs," or "the tiny edition of Dickens" complete in two sleeve buttons. Every one will carry a microscope as we now do a penknife.

—As the passengers were preparing to leave their seats on the arrival of the New York train in Boston the other evening, an old gentleman picked up a dark object which appeared to drop from a lady's bonnet.—"Madam, is this yours? You appear to have dropped it by accident." "Thank you, sir" (placing her hand to her head)—"a railroad accident—a mis